

# TOTAL ECLIPSE

BOOK



ONE



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**TOTAL  
ECLIPSE**™

The logo features the words "TOTAL" and "ECLIPSE" in a bold, red, blocky font with a yellow outline and a 3D effect. The text is centered within a white circle. The background consists of a large yellow sun partially obscured by a black wedge representing the eclipse, set against a gradient of orange and yellow.



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**SILENCE. FOR  
FIVE THOUSAND  
MILLION YEARS...**

**AND A SILENT  
PLAINTIVE  
WAIL AS A  
UNIVERSE IS  
BORN.**

**FIVE HUNDRED MILLION  
YEARS AGO...**

**A SECOND, PAINFUL MOAN  
AS A PLANETARY SYSTEM IS  
DISGORGED INTO THE COLD.**

**THE EARTH'S BLOOD  
THICKENS AND HARDENS.**

**FLESH SCABS OVER  
BURNING WOUNDS.**

**FOR FAR TOO LONG  
THERE DWELLS  
SILENCE.**

**THEN COMES THE  
FIRST SCREAM  
OF NEW LIFE.**

**FROM ONE CELL TO  
TWO AND MORE...**

**FROM THE SEA  
TO THE LAND...**

**...AND ABOVE.**

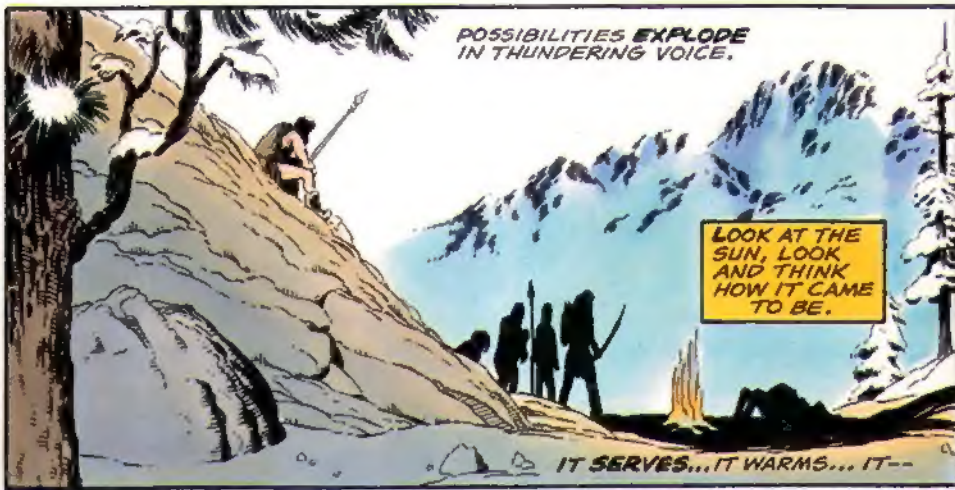
**FROM THE BEHEMOTH...**

**...TO THE FIRST  
SLOW SPARK OF  
THOUGHT.**

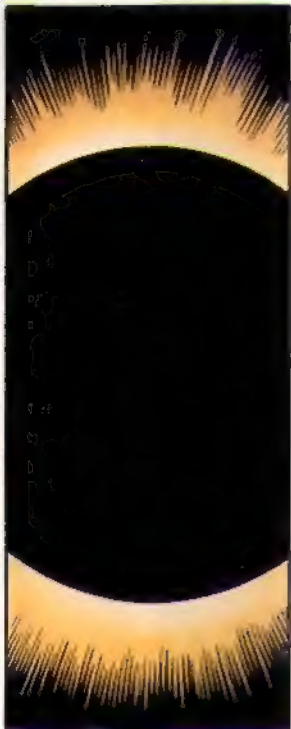
THERE WILL NO LONGER  
BE SILENCE.



POSSIBILITIES EXPLODE  
IN THUNDERING VOICE.



--IS ANGRY?

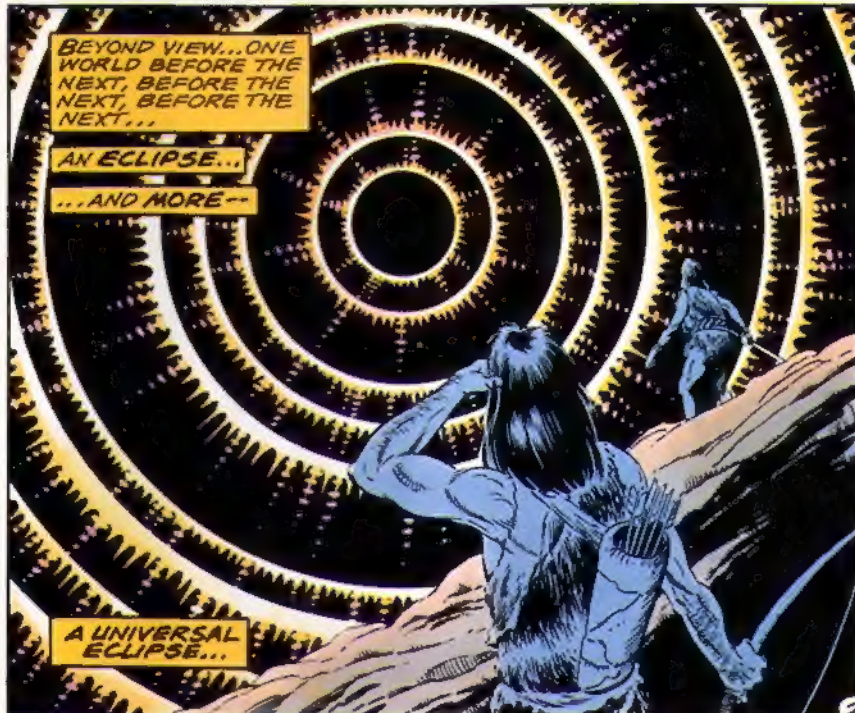


BEYOND VIEW... ONE  
WORLD BEFORE THE  
NEXT, BEFORE THE  
NEXT, BEFORE THE  
NEXT...

AN ECLIPSE...

...AND MORE--

A UNIVERSAL  
ECLIPSE...



# TOTAL ECLIPSE

NO LONGER IN SILENCE,  
THE LIGHT SCREAMS...

THE BIRTHING CRY  
IS NOT HEARD AS  
THE UNIVERSE BELLOWES  
IN AGONY AT THIS  
UNHOLY ALIGNMENT.

"WE HAVE OFFENDED  
YOU WITH THIS BIRTH.  
SHALL WE SACRIFICE  
THE INFANT?" THE  
FATHER ASKS THE  
GODS.

"DO SO NOW,"  
THE LIGHTNING  
SEEMS TO SHRIEK.

THEY DO...

...AND IN HORROR,  
TIME AND AGAIN,  
THEY FAIL.

# • T L L E D •

HE WILL  
NOT DIE.

HE CAN  
NOT DIE.

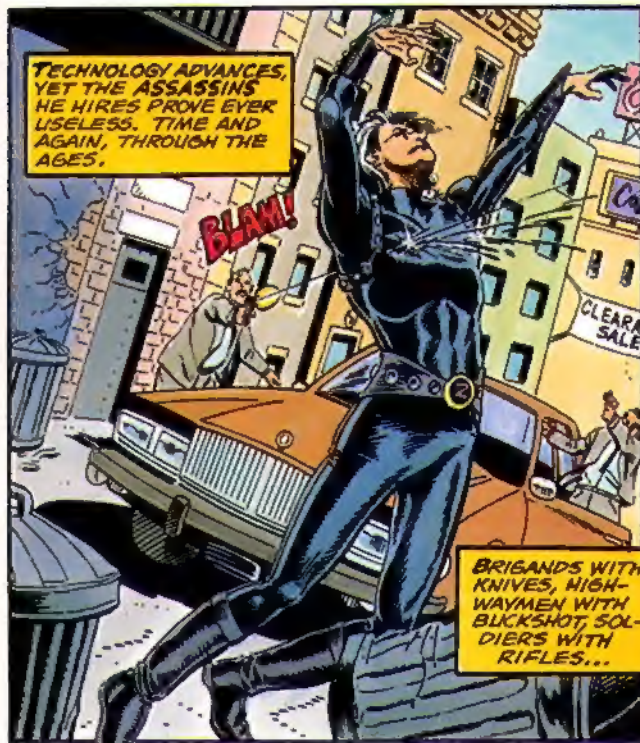
PLANETS IN ALIGNMENT...  
STARS IN ALIGNMENT...

...CENTURIES  
PASS BY, ONE  
AFTER THE  
OTHER AFTER  
THE OTHER...

AND THE ONLY HOPE  
THAT SPARKS SOME  
FAR-DISTANT LIGHT--

UNTIL THERE  
IS NO DREAM TO  
SHOUT OR SING.

-- IS SILENCE.



...MODERN, ICE-VEINED HITMEN WITH HIGH-POWERED AUTOMATICS...

...ALL FAIL TO BRING THE SILENCE HE CRAVES.

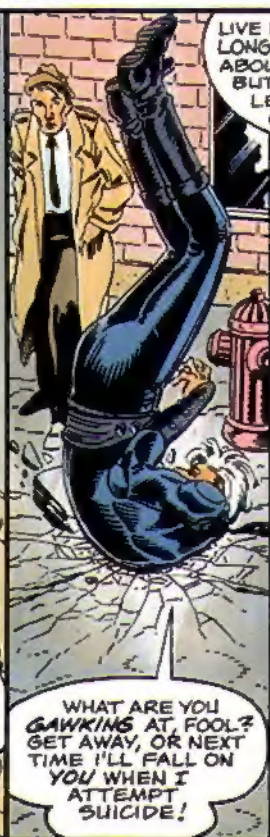
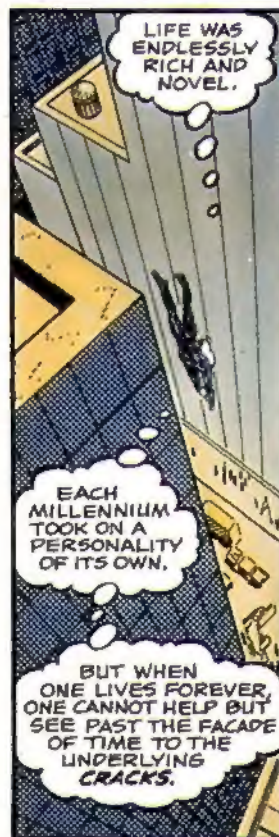
IT IS AS ALWAYS. AHH, WELL...

HOW WONDERFUL IT WAS TO LIVE WHEN ALL OTHERS AROUND ME BECAME FRAIL AND WEAK AND THEN DIED. THE CENTURIES PROVIDED SO MUCH ENTERTAINMENT. I COULD STAND BACK AND BOTH OBSERVE AND PARTAKE IN ALL OF MANKIND'S FOLLIES.

AT LEAST I SHALL BE MERCIFUL.

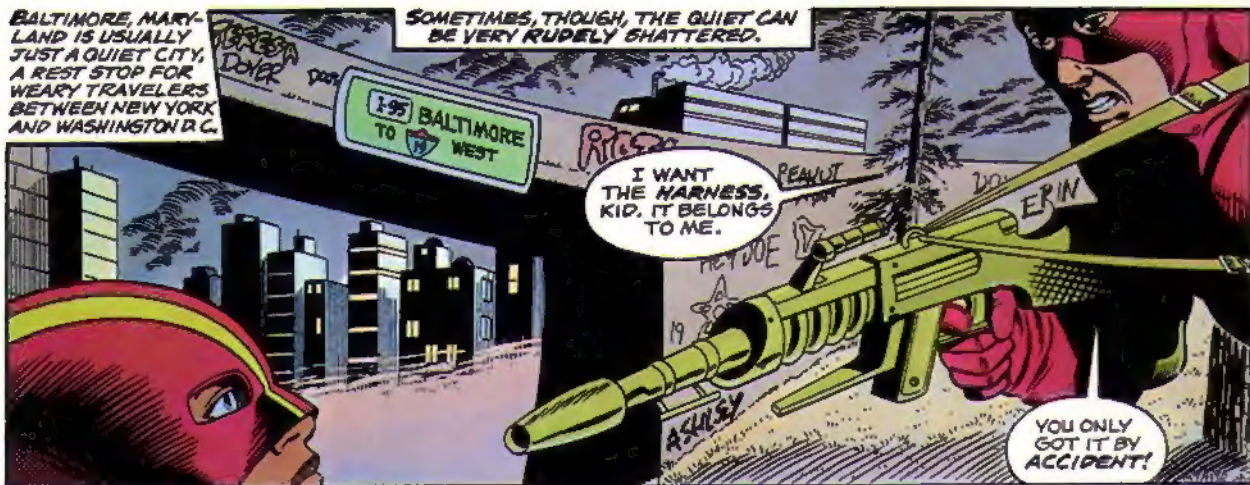
YOU WILL KNOW THE PEACE THAT IS DENIED ME.

NOOOOO



BALTIMORE, MARYLAND IS USUALLY JUST A QUIET CITY, A REST STOP FOR WEARY TRAVELERS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON D.C.

SOMETIMES, THOUGH, THE QUIET CAN BE VERY RUDELY CHATTERED.



I WANT THE HARNESS, KID. IT BELONGS TO ME.

YOU ONLY GOT IT BY ACCIDENT!



BULL! WHAT WAS YOURS THIRTY YEARS AGO DOESN'T MEAN SQUAT TODAY!

IT'S MINE NOW.

AND THE POWERS IT GIVES THE GUY WEARIN' IT--

--THEY'RE MINE TOO.

SO LISSSEN HARD, SGT. STRIKE-- YOU BOTHER ME ANY MORE, AND I SWEAR, MAN--



-- I SWEAR I'LL SHOW YOU HOW BAD THOSE POWERS CAN BE!

YOUR BIG-SHOT HERO DAYS ARE OVER, MAN.

I'M STRIKE NOW, ME!

YOU GOT THAT, MAN? DO YOU?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU'VE GOT TO TURN THE HARNESS OVER TO ME...

THE LONGER YOU WEAR IT, THE MORE IT CHANGES YOU.

IT'LL DESTROY YOU THE WAY IT ALMOST DESTROYED ME.

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, SON.



FAAAAAAAMN, YOU ARE ONE STUBBORN MOTHER.

LISSSEN, OLD MAN-- WHY DON'T YOU PRETEND IT'S WORLD WAR TWO AGAIN AND GO PLAY WITH YOURSELF.

JUST LEAVE ME OUT OF YOUR FANTASIES!



SOMETHING TELLS ME THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE ISN'T ON THIS SIDE OF TOWN.

GOSH, I KNEW BALTIMORE WAS NEW TURF, BUT I DIDN'T FIGURE ON GETTING SO LOST SO FAST.

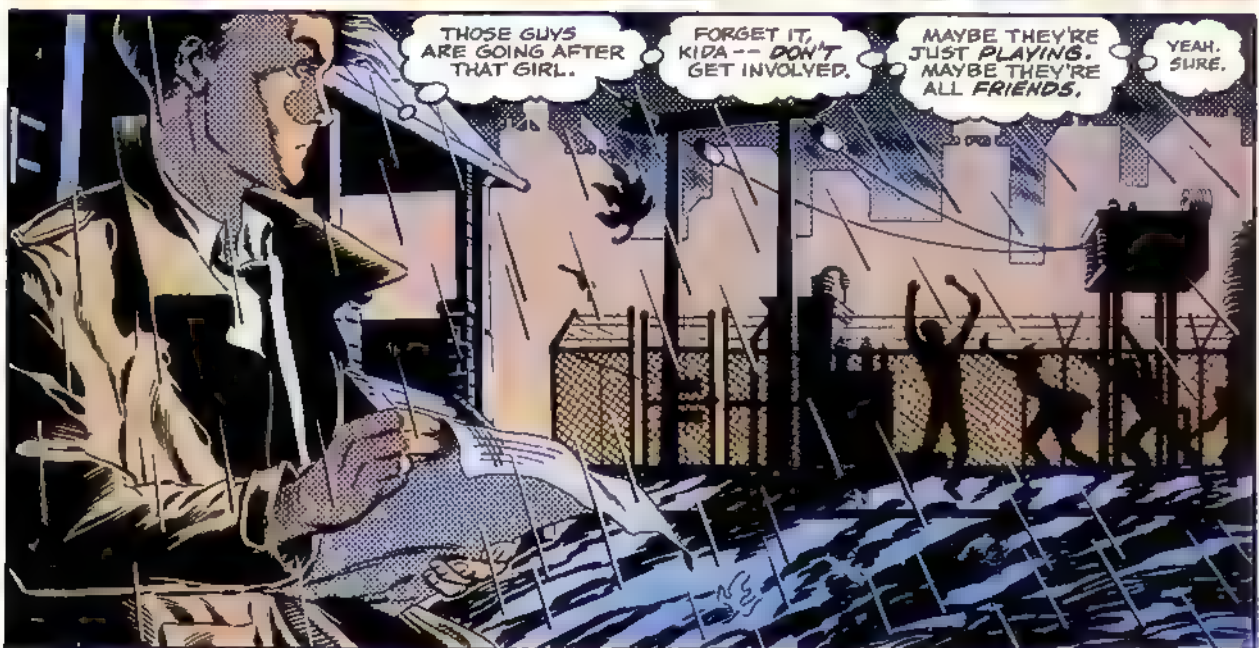
I FINALLY GET AWAY FROM LEO FOR AN EVENING, AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN FIND MY GIRLFRIEND'S FIRST BIG TIME ART SHOW!

SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER.



YEAHHHH, NOW IT'S STARTING TO RAIN.

DEFINITELY NOT MY NIGHT.  
HUH?



THOSE GUYS ARE GOING AFTER THAT GIRL.

FORGET IT, KIDA -- DON'T GET INVOLVED.

MAYBE THEY'RE JUST PLAYING. MAYBE THEY'RE ALL FRIENDS.

YEAH, SURE.

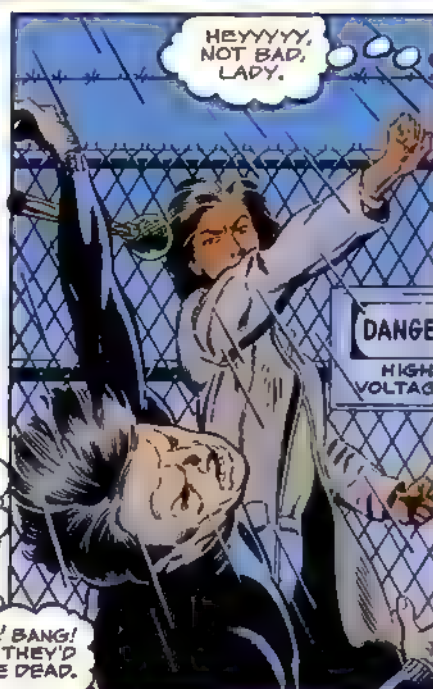


I DON'T FEEL RIGHT JUST STANDING HERE.

BUT I'M NOT LEO. I CAN'T LET MYSELF BE LIKE HIM.

IF HE WERE HERE, HE'D WADE IN THERE WITH GUNS BLAZING.

BANG! BANG! BANG! THEY'D ALL BE DEAD.



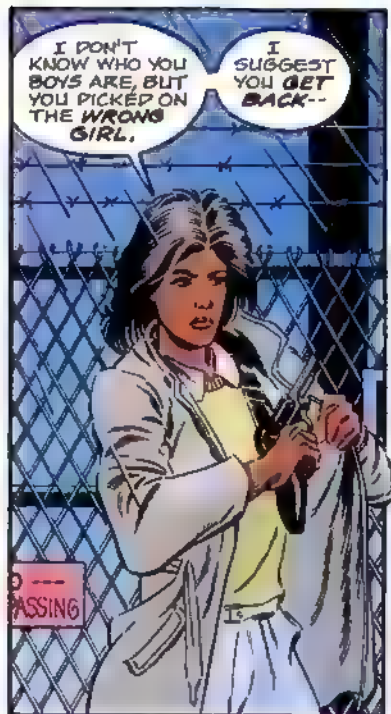
HEYYYYY, NOT BAD, LADY.

DANGER  
HIGH VOLTAGE



I'M GLAD I DIDN'T HAVE TO MAKE A DECISION.

THAT LADY CAN HANDLE HERSELF!



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU BOYS ARE, BUT YOU PICKED ON THE **WRONG GIRL**.

I SUGGEST YOU **GET BACK--**



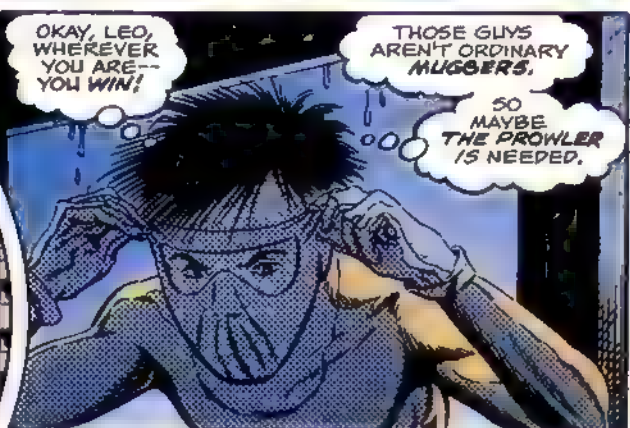
--OR MY **NEXT SHOT** WON'T BE HIGH.

WE HAVE OUR **MISSION, BLACK ANGEL--**



212 **WHAT--**  
WHAT IS THAT?

--WE **NEED**  
YOU!



OKAY, LEO, WHEREVER YOU ARE-- YOU WIN!

THOSE GUYS AREN'T ORDINARY **MUGGERS.**

SO **MAYBE**  
THE **PROWLER**  
IS NEEDED.



WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR.

LET'S **GET THE HELL**  
OUT OF HERE.

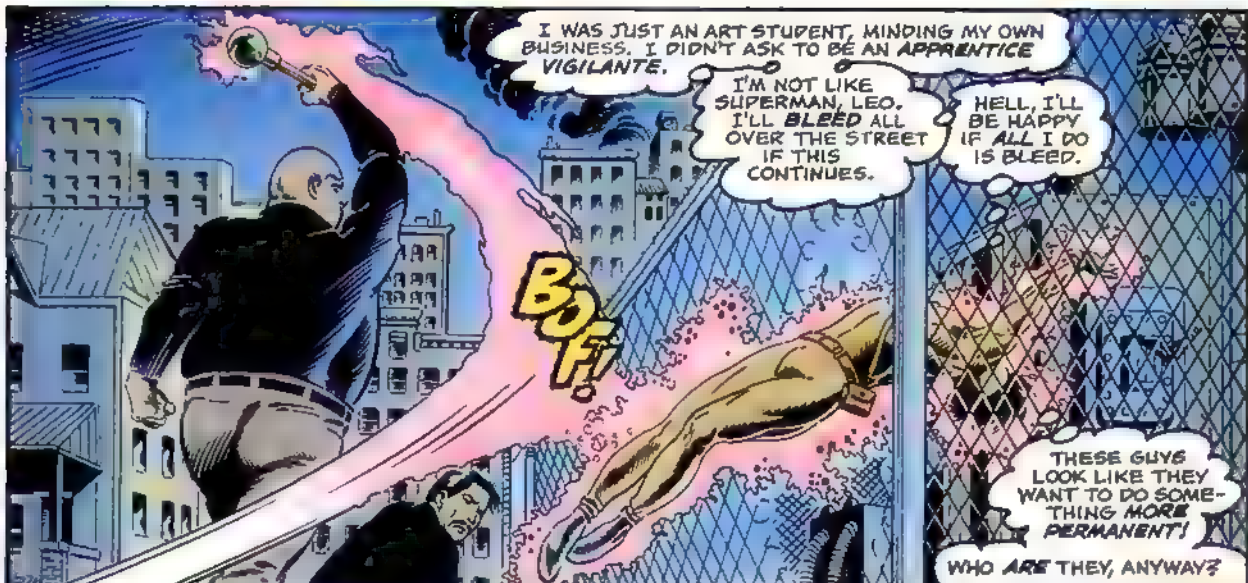


GOD, I HATE THIS. I HATE **PLAYING**  
HERO WHEN I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT THE **GAME** IS.

I KNOW I WANT TO **HELP**  
BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE **THIS**  
IS THE WAY.



WHY DID YOU HAVE TO TAKE ME UNDER YOUR **WING, LEO?**  
WHY?



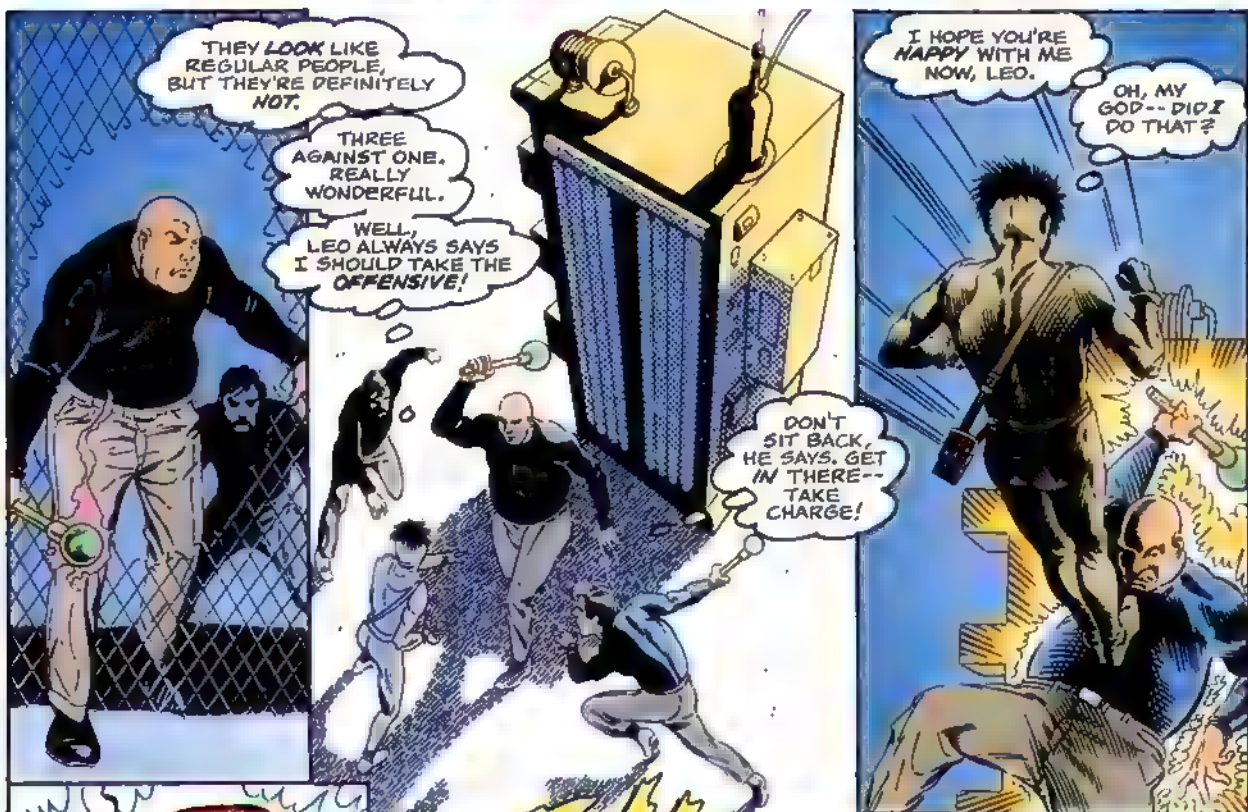
I WAS JUST AN ART STUDENT, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS. I DIDN'T ASK TO BE AN APPRENTICE VIGILANTE.

I'M NOT LIKE SUPERMAN, LEO. I'LL BLEED ALL OVER THE STREET IF THIS CONTINUES.

HELL, I'LL BE HAPPY IF ALL I DO IS BLEED.

THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE THEY WANT TO DO SOMETHING MORE PERMANENT!

WHO ARE THEY, ANYWAY?



THEY LOOK LIKE REGULAR PEOPLE, BUT THEY'RE DEFINITELY NOT.

THREE AGAINST ONE. REALLY WONDERFUL.

WELL, LEO ALWAYS SAYS I SHOULD TAKE THE OFFENSIVE!

I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY WITH ME NOW, LEO.

OH, MY GOD--DID I DO THAT?

DON'T SIT BACK, HE SAYS. GET IN THERE-- TAKE CHARGE!



THE WHOLE CITY'S BLACKING OUT!



MAN, I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT OLD FART KEPT INSISTING I GIVE HIM BACK THE HARNESS.

YOU'RE GONE MONTHS BUT SOME THINGS DON'T CHANGE. I MEAN, YOU KNOW THE HARNESS WAS HIS, DENNIS.

YEAH, BOBBY-- IT WAS HIS. NOW IT'S MINE!



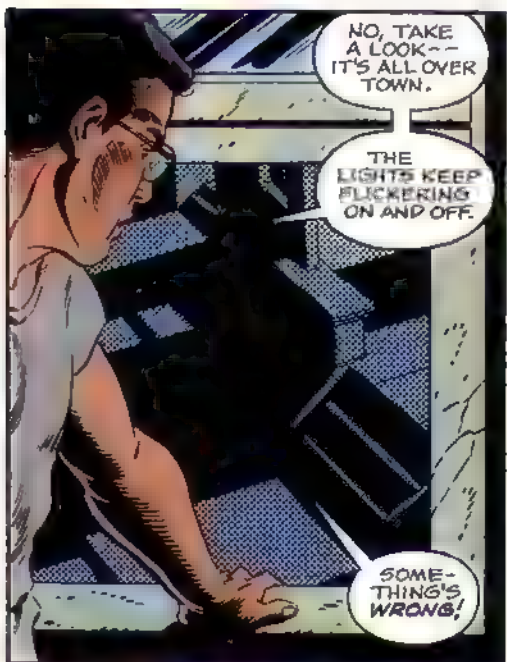
I'VE RISKED EVERYTHING-- EVEN MY MOM'S LIFE--PROTECTING THAT POWER HARNESS.

I'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO WEAR IT... AND I'M NOT GONNA GIVE IT UP NOW!



HEY, WHAT NOW? THE LIGHTS ARE OFF.

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED? DIDN'T THE GYM PAY ITS ELECTRIC BILL?



NO, TAKE A LOOK-- IT'S ALL OVER TOWN.

THE LIGHTS KEEP FLICKERING ON AND OFF.

SOME-THING'S WRONG!



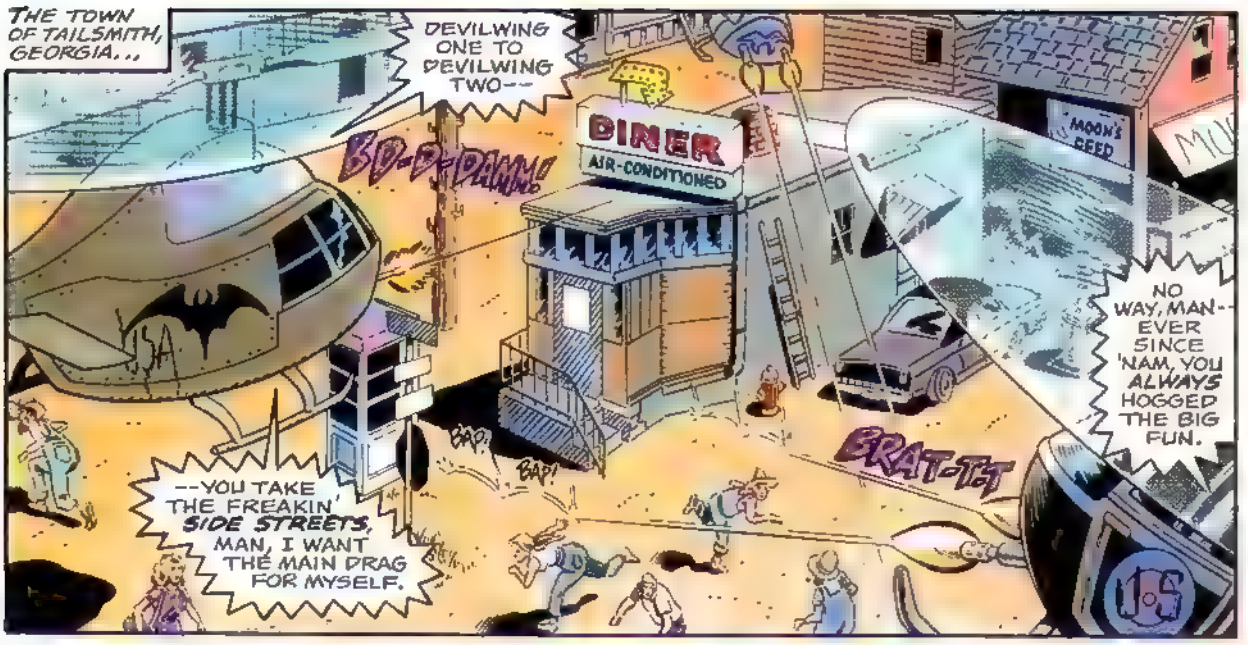
YOU SEE, MAN-- *THIS* IS WHY I NEED THE HARNESS AND ITS POWERS.

WHEN THINGS GO CRAZY, I CAN BECOME STRIKE AND SAVE THE DAY...

EXCEPT THAT WHAT SGT. STRIKE SAID MAY BE *TRUE*, DENNIS. THE HARNESS IS CHANGING YOU...

...AND NOT FOR THE BETTER.

THE TOWN OF TAILSMITH, GEORGIA...



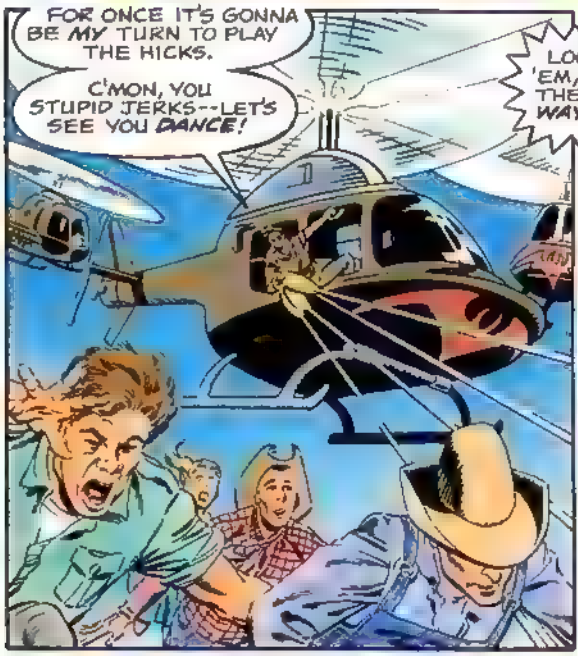
DEVILWING ONE TO DEVILWING TWO--

DINER  
AIR-CONDITIONED

MOON'S FEED

NO WAY, MAN-- EVER SINCE 'NAM, YOU ALWAYS HOGGED THE BIG FUN.

--YOU TAKE THE FREAKIN' SIDE STREETS, MAN, I WANT THE MAIN DRAG FOR MYSELF.



FOR ONCE IT'S GONNA BE MY TURN TO PLAY THE HICKS.

C'MON, YOU STUPID JERKS--LET'S SEE YOU DANCE!

LOOKIT 'EM, MAN. THEY ALWAYS RUN.

HELL, THIS TOWN'S GONNA BE A DOWNER.

TOO EASY... TOO FREAKIN' EASY.

MEBBE NOT. LOOKIT THERE.

THEY THINK THEY GOT THEMSELVES A FREAKIN' HERO.

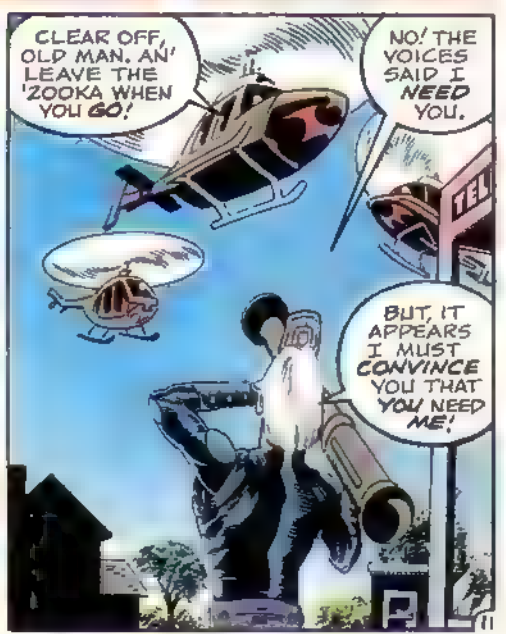


PULL 'ER LOW...

I WANNA CHECK THIS MUTT OUT MYSELF.

HELL, LOOKIT THAT HARDWARE HE'S LUGGIN'!

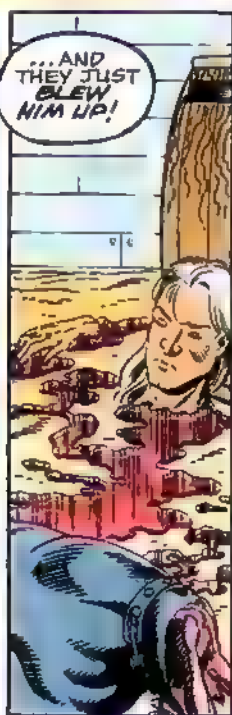
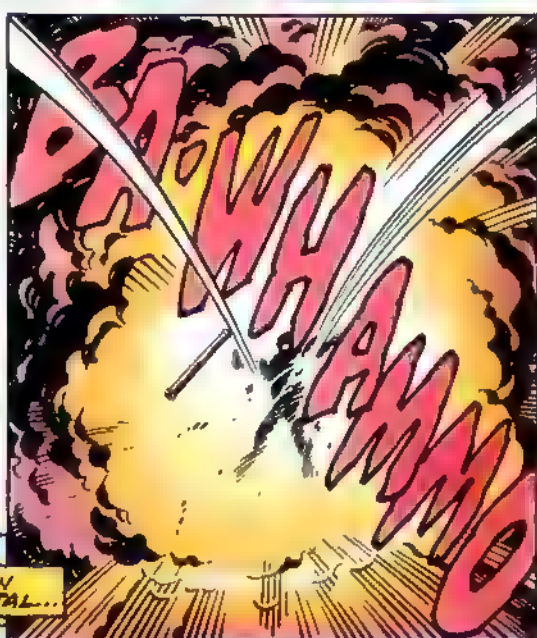
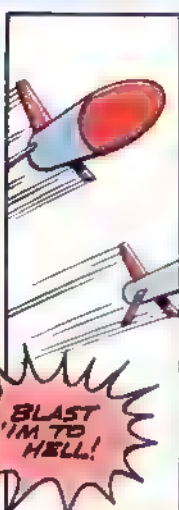
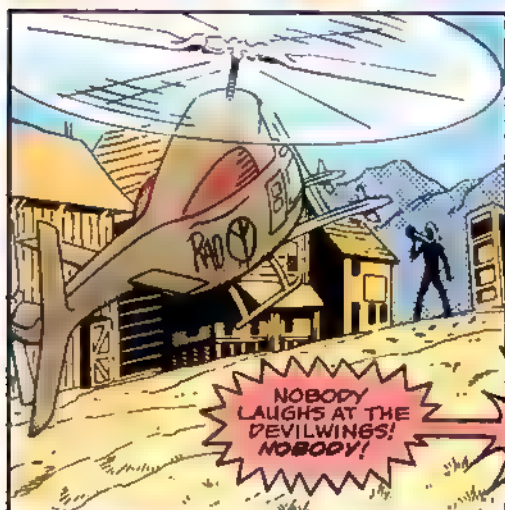
FAR FREAKIN' OUT, MAN!



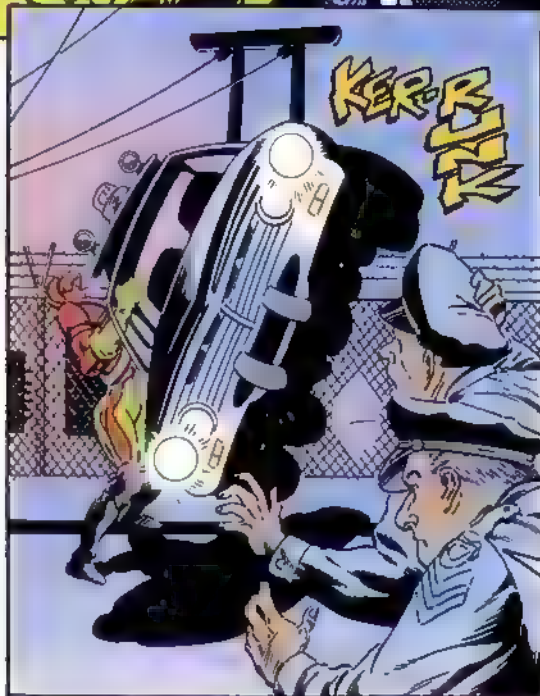
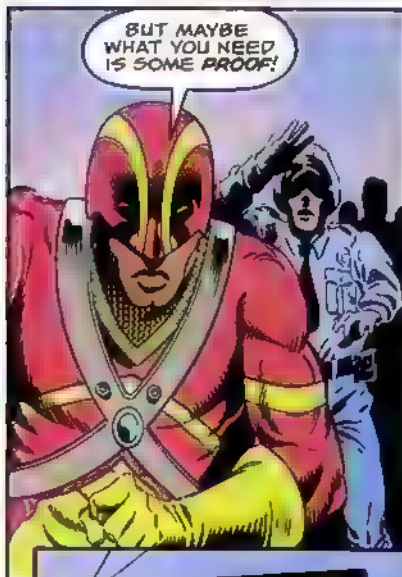
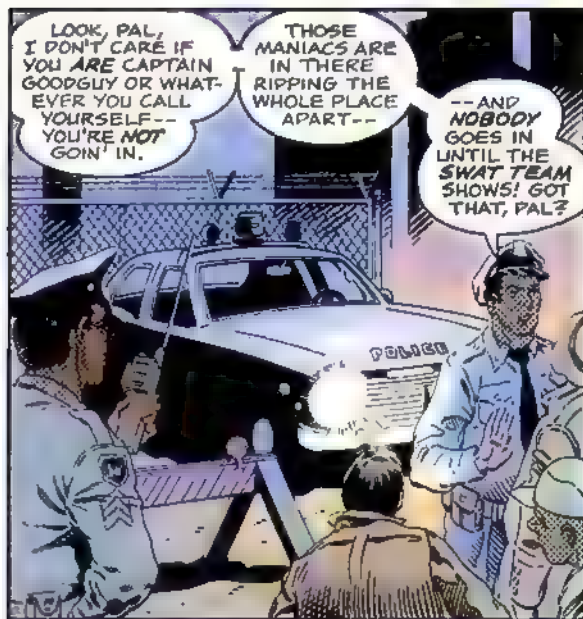
CLEAR OFF, OLD MAN. AN' LEAVE THE 'ZOOKA WHEN YOU GO!

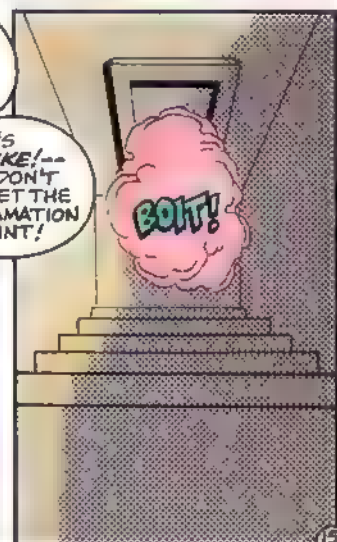
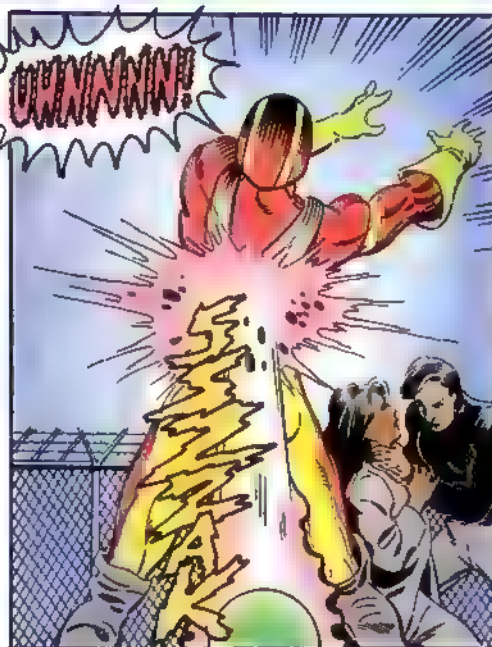
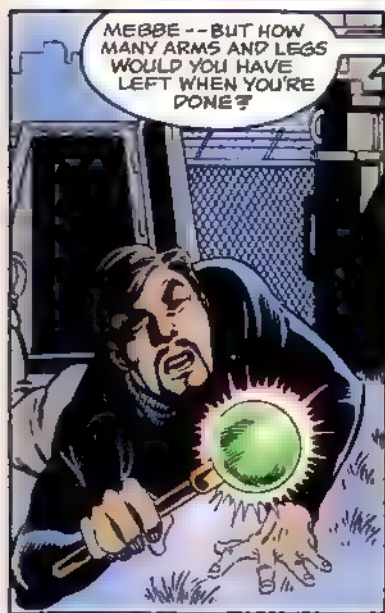
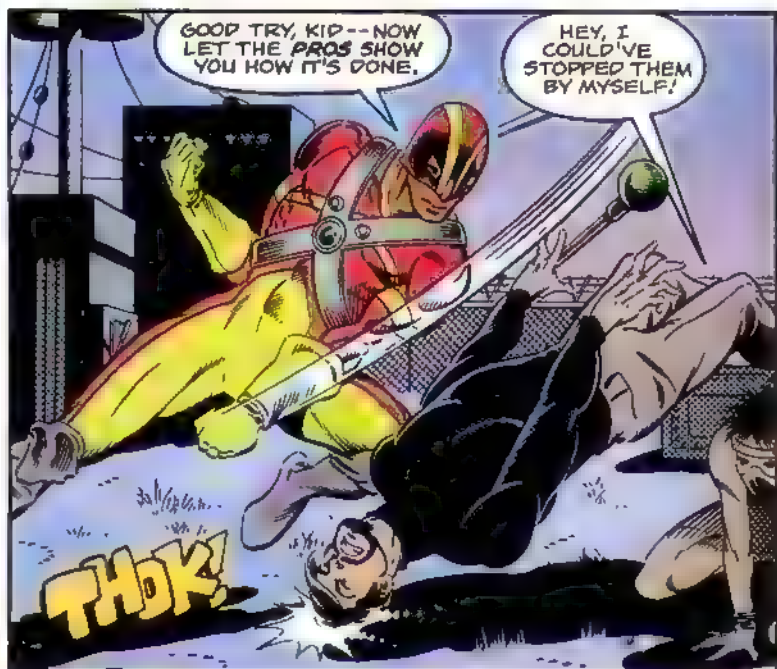
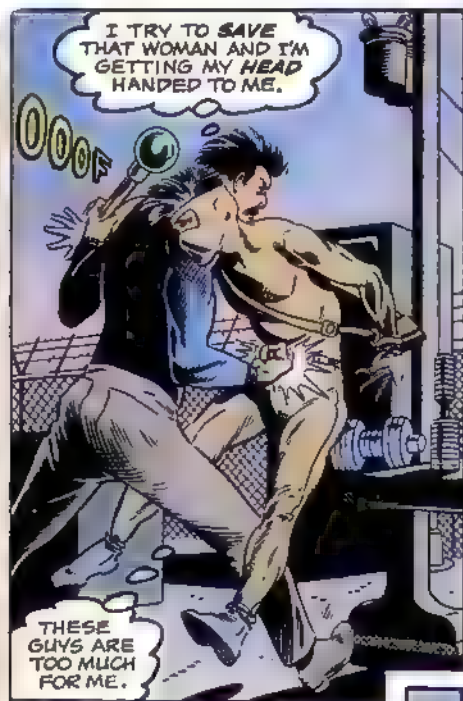
NO! THE VOICES SAID I NEED YOU.

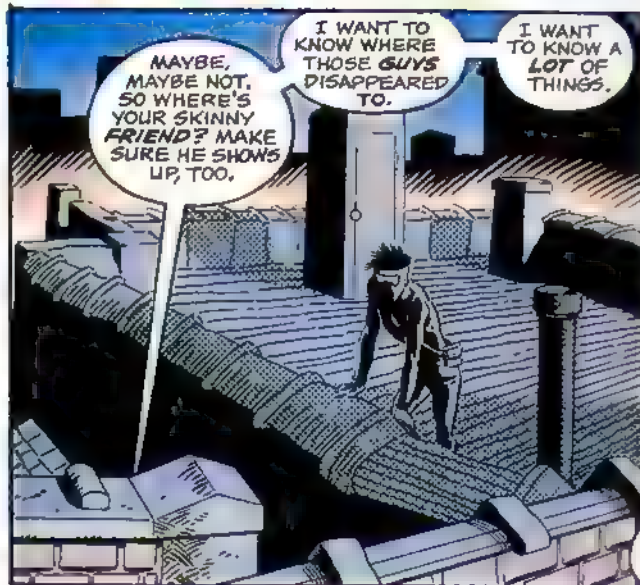
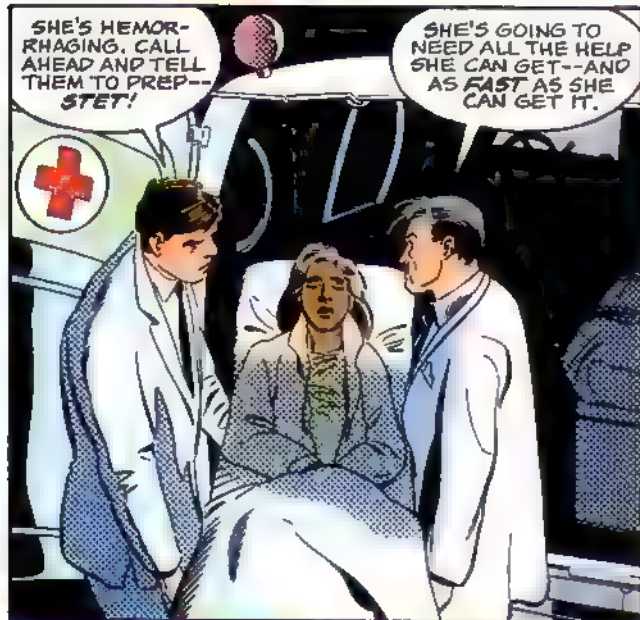
BUT, IT APPEARS I MUST CONVINCE YOU THAT YOU NEED ME!



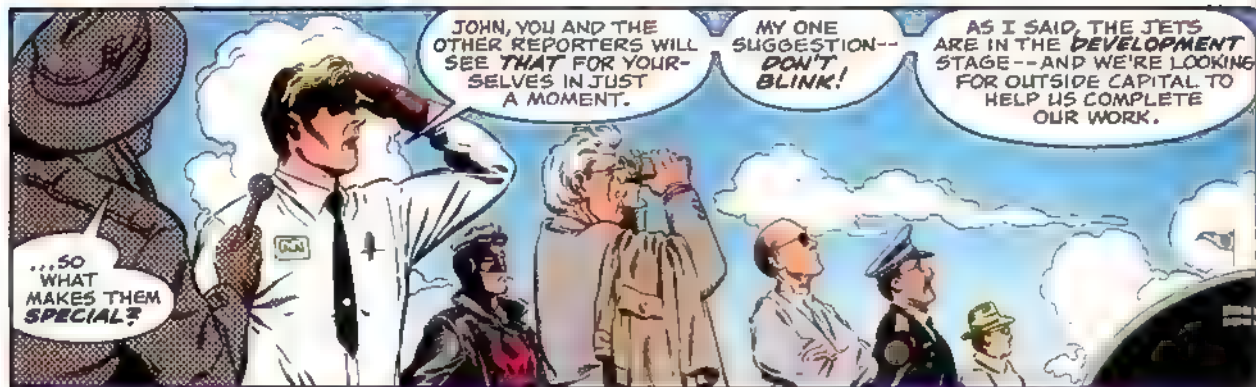












THIS HAD **BETTER** BE IMPRESSIVE, SIR. SPEAKING FOR THE BANKING COMMUNITY, WE ARE **NOT** COMFORTABLE WITH THE NOTION OF A **TEEN-AGER** RUNNING NELSON AVIATION.

WHEN HIS FATHER WAS IN CHARGE--

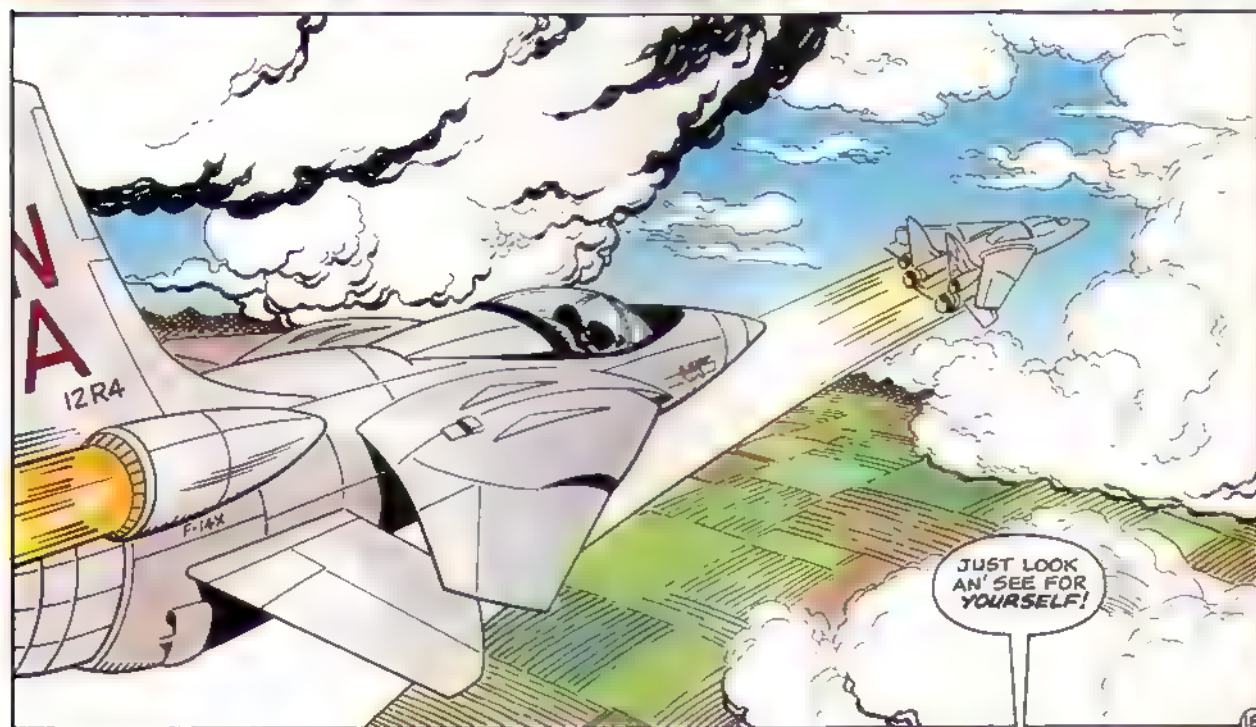
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PAL-- THAT **KID'S** PROBABLY THE **BEST** THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO THIS JOINT.

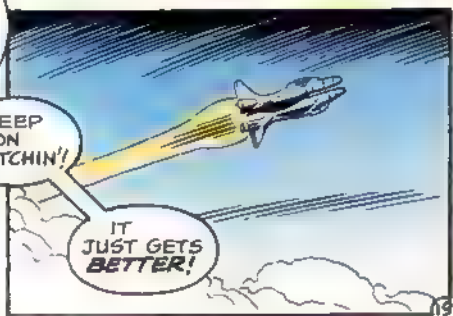
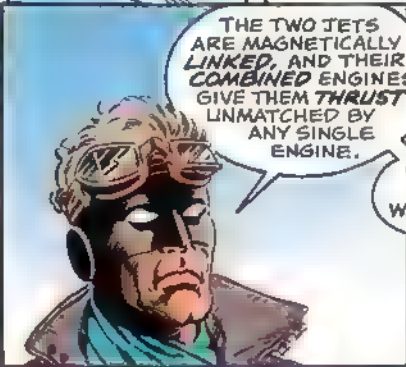
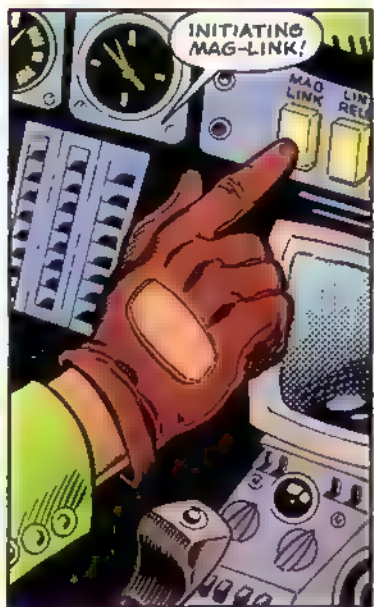
MR. WOLF, I ASSURE YOU THAT--

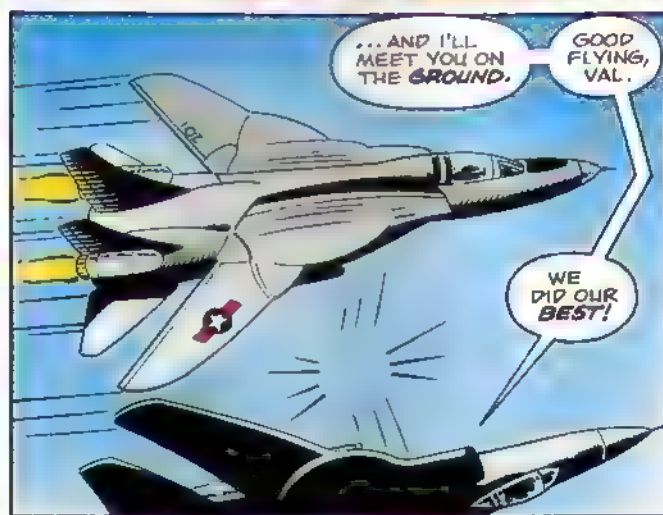
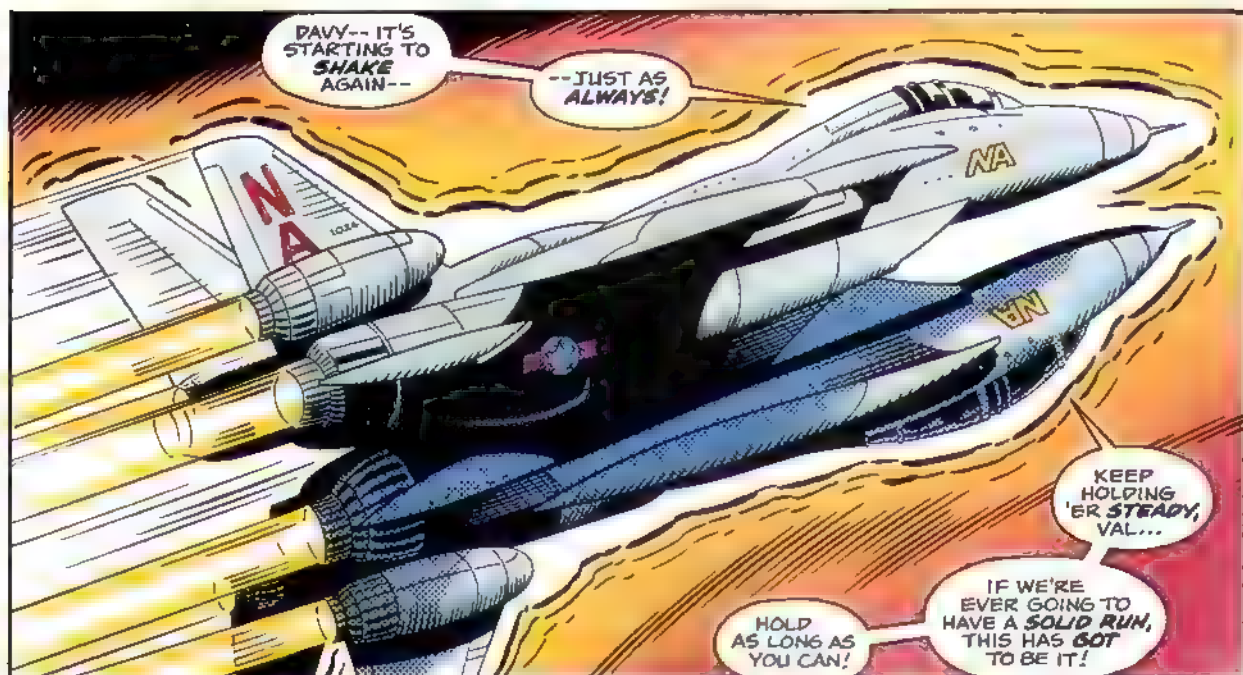
THE NAME'S SKY-WOLF, CHUM.

NOW ME, I COULDN'T CARE LESS IF YOU GOT IN ON THIS DEAL, BUT IF YOU'RE TOO **STUPID** TO FIGURE OUT THIS IS GOIN' TO MAKE YOU **MILLIONS--**

--YOU DESERVE TO GO BANKRUPT!









WE NEED TWO HUNDRED MILLION IN GUARANTEED LOANS TO COMPLETE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MAG-LINK DEVICE.

ONCE IT'S DONE, WE HAVE AN AFFORDABLE ALTERNATIVE TO ROCKET TRAVEL!

INCREDIBLE!

THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS ALONE SHOULD BE IN THE BILLIONS!

VAL, YOU THINK WE CAN GRAB SOME DINNER WHEN WE'RE DONE HERE?

I'M ALREADY FAMISHED.

I'LL COME BY YOUR OFFICE AFTER I'VE SHOWERED.

GOOD FLYING, DAVY.

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE "KID" NOW, PAL?

HE'S AS COOL UNDER PRESSURE AS HIS FATHER EVER WAS.

SHOWERS  
NELSON AVIATION

THEY'RE BOTH SO ALIKE.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THEY AREN'T THE SAME PERSON.



HELLO, VAL-- THAT WAS SOME FLYING!

BLACK ANGEL? MEIN GOTT! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN TOWN!



WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE FROM BALTIMORE?

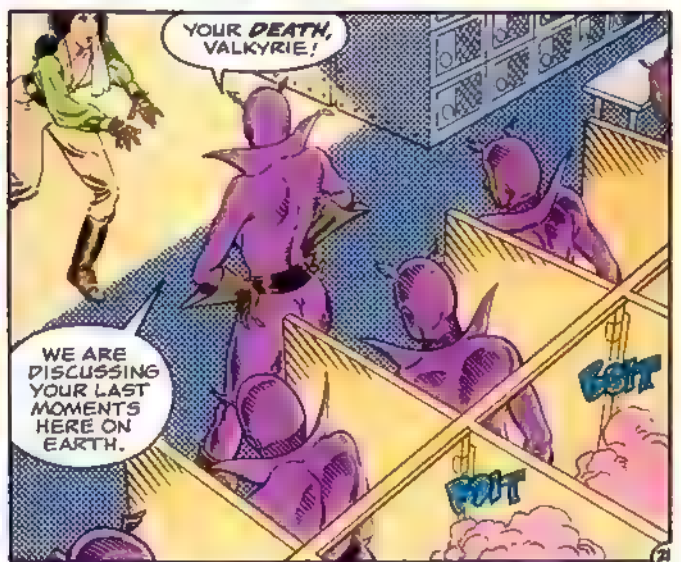
I, UHHH--



WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU **SENSE** SOMETHING IS WRONG, DON'T YOU?

WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER.



YOUR DEATH, VALKYRIE!

WE ARE DISCUSSING YOUR LAST MOMENTS HERE ON EARTH.

GOTT

GOTT



ZUM  
TEUFEL!!

NOT THE  
DEVIL,  
VALKYRIE--

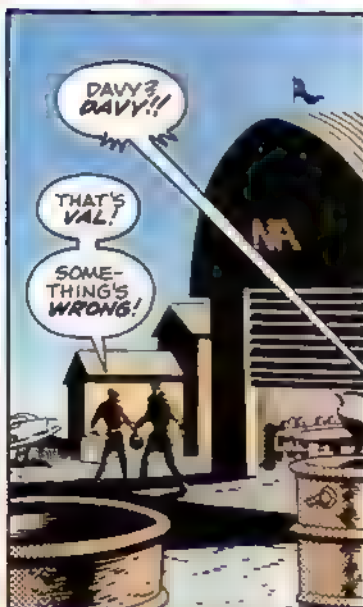
--ALTHOUGH  
YOU ARE CERTAINLY  
GOING TO  
HELL!



WELL, IT MAY NOT  
HAVE BEEN A PERFECT  
FLIGHT, BUT IT SURE  
DOES BEAT THAT  
ZEPHYR ROBOT  
PLANE FIASCO!

YEAH, A  
PLANE WITHOUT  
A PILOT AIN'T  
A PLANE!

NOTE: SEE AIRBOY #39  
FOR DETAILS! --FRED



DAVY?  
DAVY!!

THAT'S  
VAL!

SOME-  
THING'S  
WRONG!



YOU SURE YOU NEED  
ME, KID?

WHAT  
IF SHE JUST  
WANTS  
YOU?

YEAH,  
MAYBE SHE  
DOES--



-- BUT  
FOR  
WHAT?

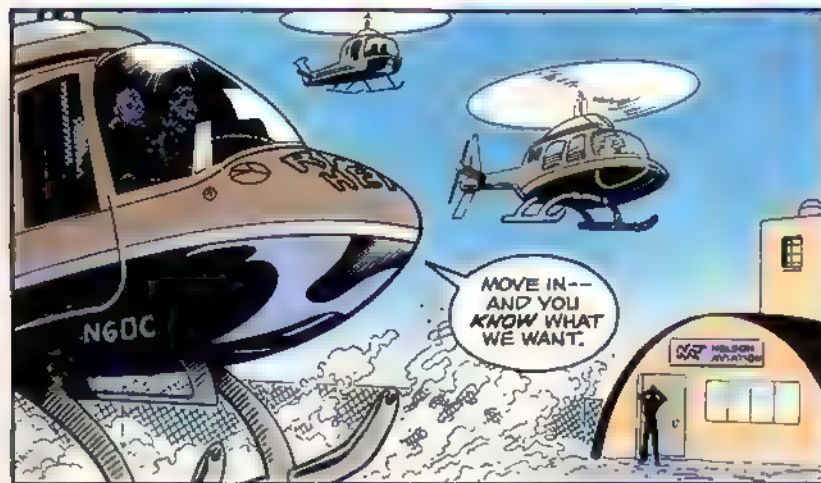
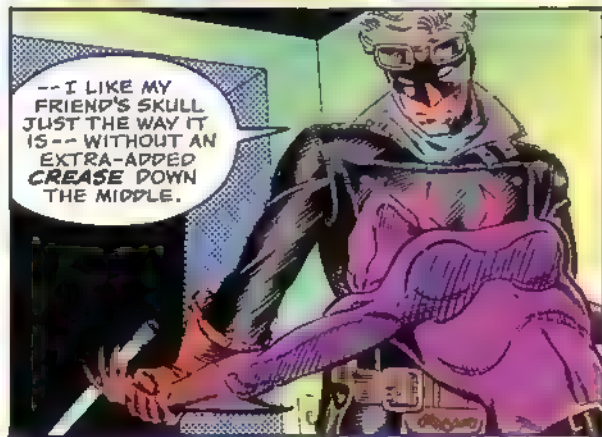
VAL?!/?

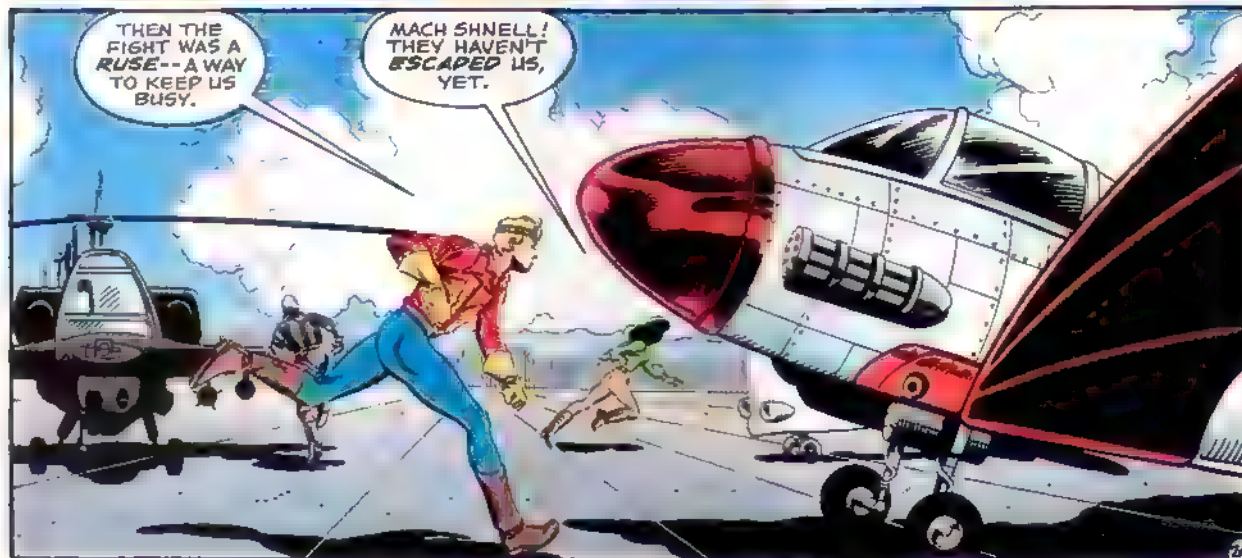
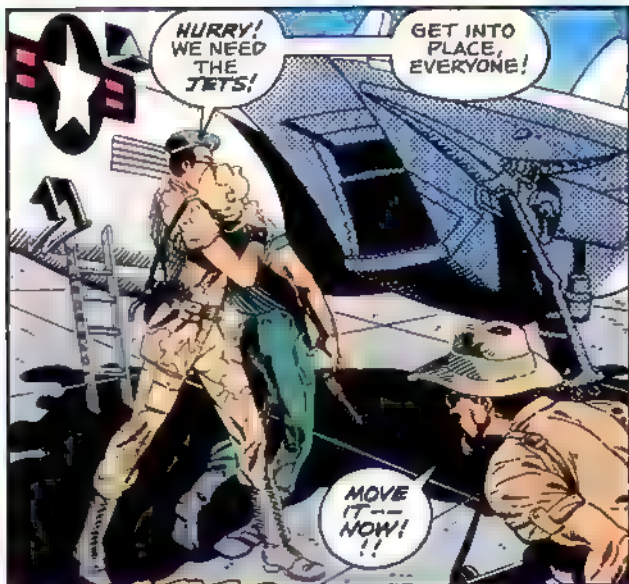
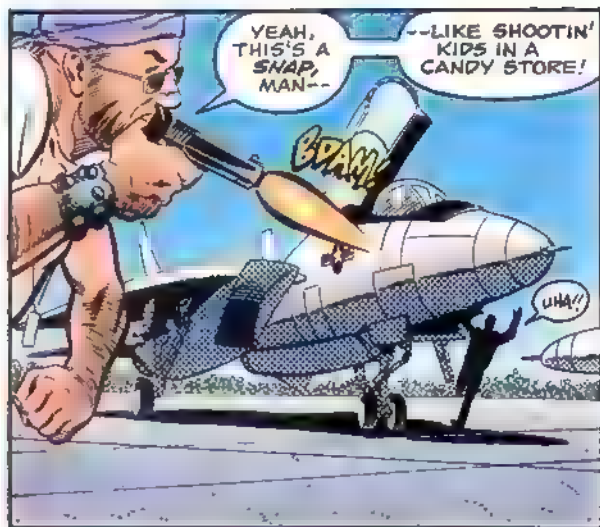
PUP!

THEY  
SUDDENLY  
APPEARED--  
OUT OF  
NOWHERE!

TOO  
MANY PESTS  
FOR ME  
TO SWAT  
ALONE.

I COULD  
USE A  
HAND!







THEY PROBABLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO CUT IN THE HI-SPEEDS!

WE CAN CATCH UP TO THEM.

I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHO THEY ARE--

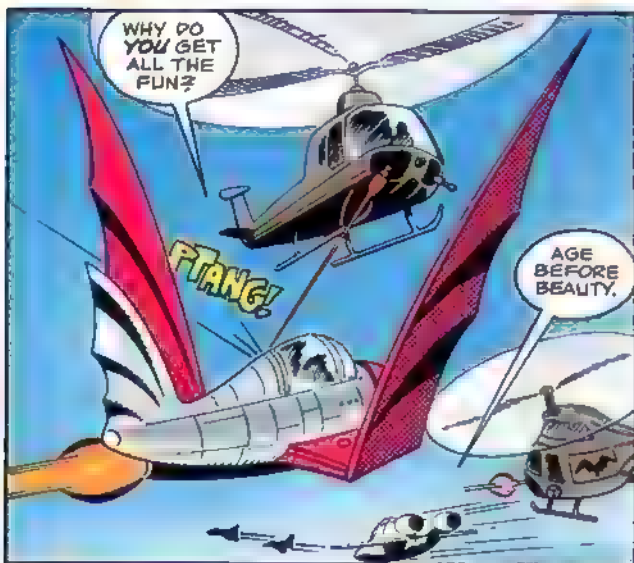
--AND HOW DID THEY PULL THAT DISAPPEARING ACT?!



I HATE MYSTERIES. LET'S KICK ASS!



I'LL HEAD FOR THE JETS... YOU RUN INTERFERENCE.



WHY DO YOU GET ALL THE FUN?

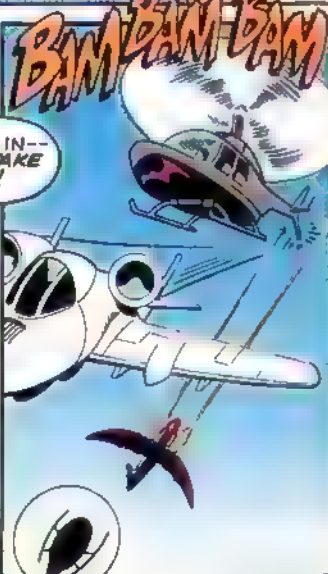
FTANG!

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY.

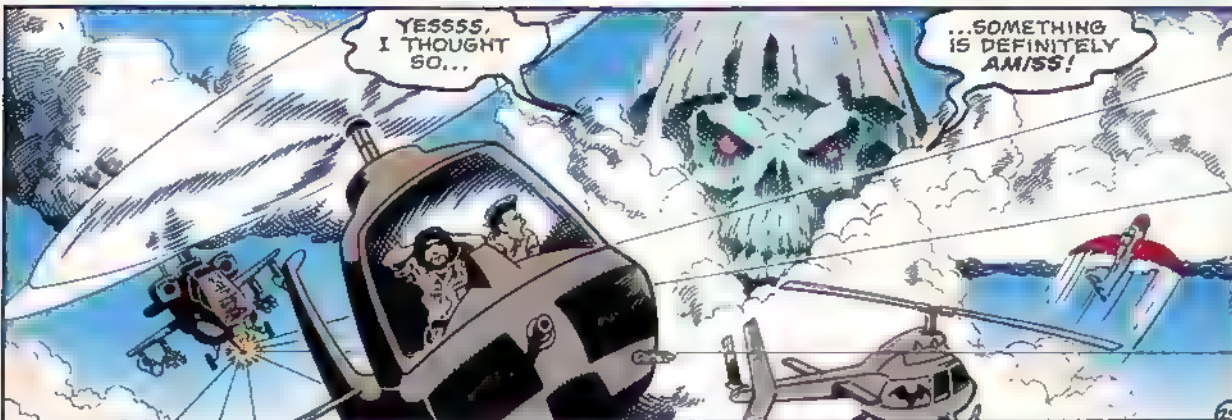
OHMMMM-- I DON'T THINK THAT'S HOW IT WORKS, BUT WHAT THE HELL.



MOVE IN-- AND TAKE 'EM!



BAM-BAM-BAM



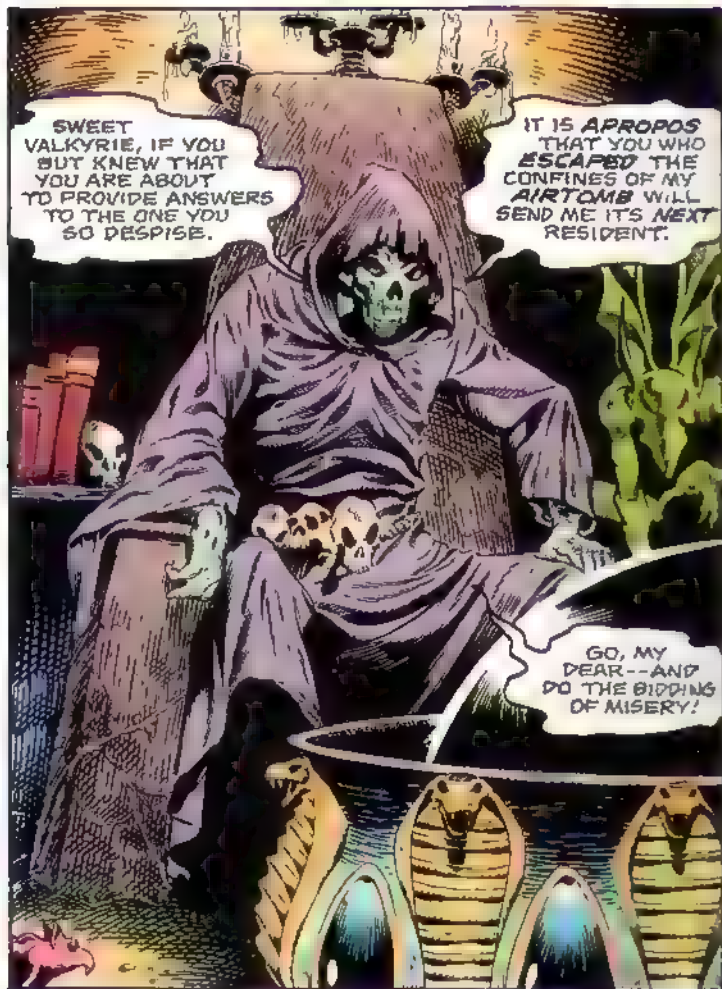
YESSSS, I THOUGHT SO...

...SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY AMISS!



I AM UNFULFILLED WHEN ANSWERS ELUDE ME.

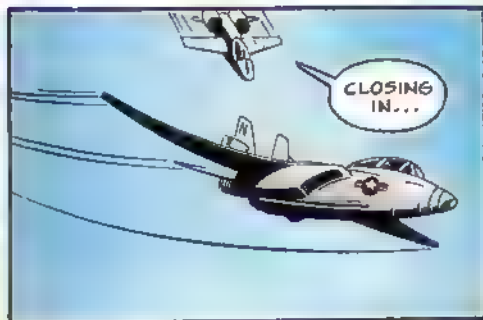
I MUST LEARN THE TRUTH, FOR I SENSE FORCES IN COLLISION THAT MIGHT EVEN AFFECT THE UNDEAD.



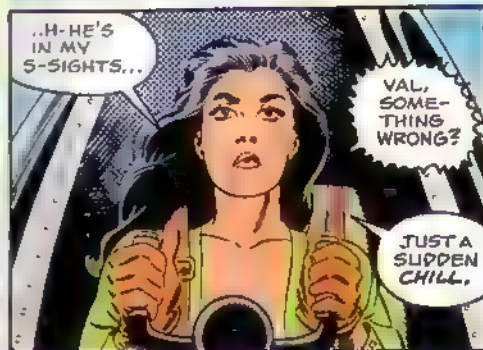
SWEET VALKYRIE, IF YOU BUT KNEW THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO PROVIDE ANSWERS TO THE ONE YOU SO DESPISE.

IT IS APPROPRIATE THAT YOU WHO ESCAPED THE CONFINES OF MY AIRTOMB WILL SEND ME ITS NEXT RESIDENT.

GO, MY DEAR--AND DO THE BIDDING OF MISERY!



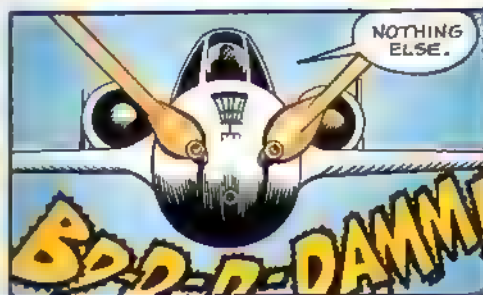
CLOSING IN...



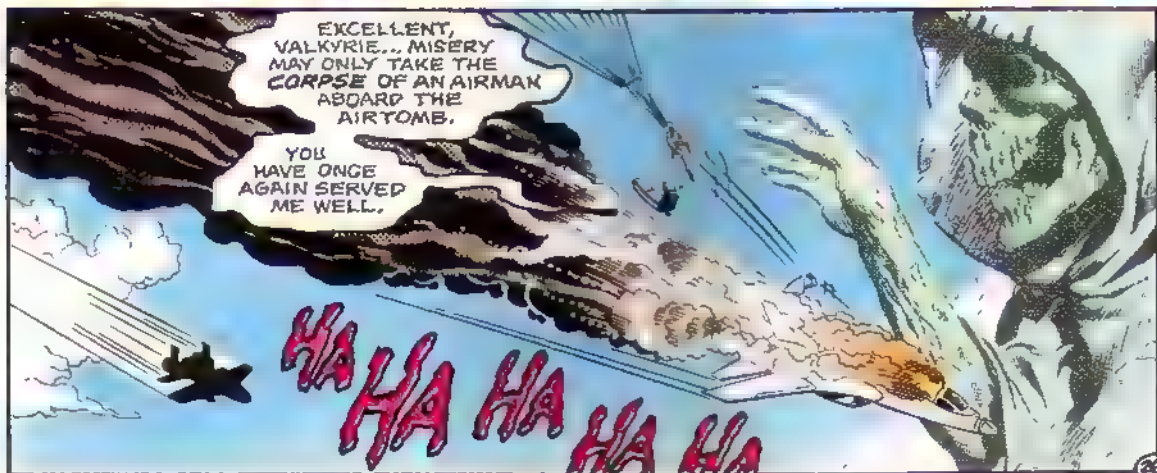
..H-HE'S IN MY S-SIGHTS...

VAL, SOMETHING WRONG?

JUST A SUDDEN CHILL.



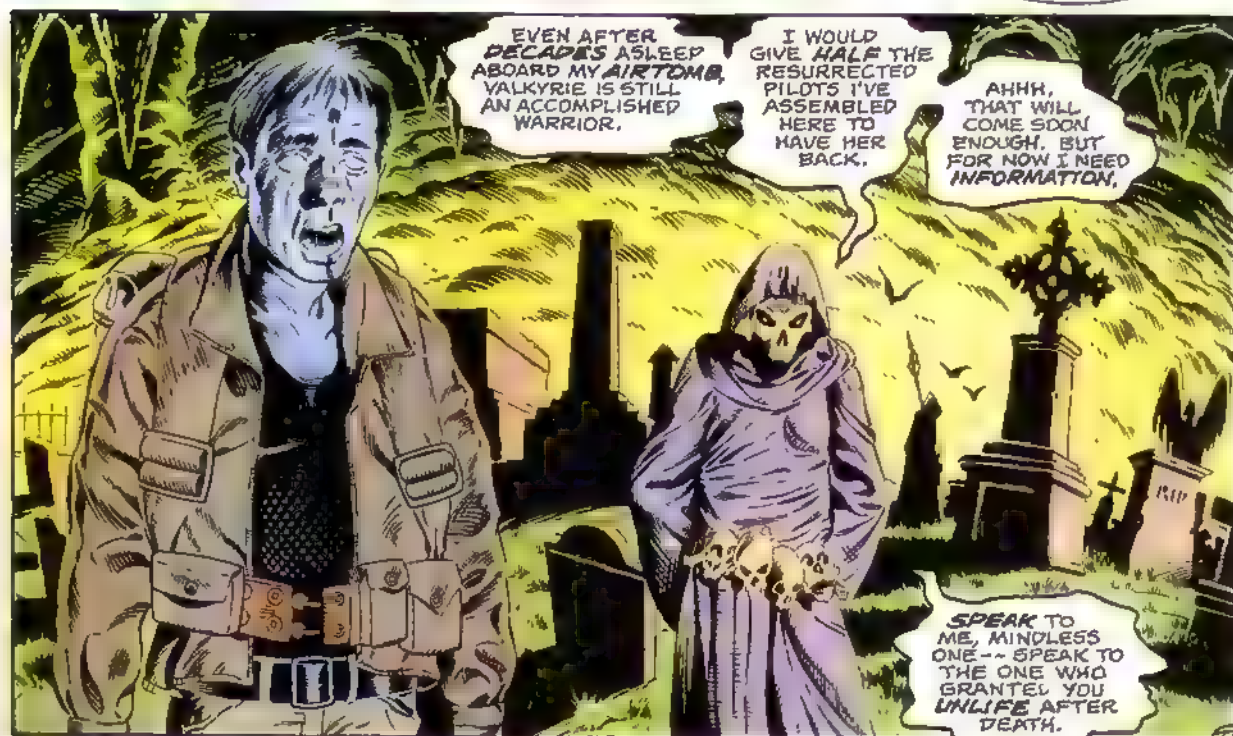
NOTHING ELSE.



EXCELLENT, VALKYRIE... MISERY MAY ONLY TAKE THE CORPSE OF AN AIRMAN ABOARD THE AIRTOMB.

YOU HAVE ONCE AGAIN SERVED ME WELL.

HA HA HA HA HA





WHO COMMANDS YOU, PILOT?

SPEAK TO MISERY! NOW!

UUUUUUHHH...



...Z... Z... ZZZED...



THE IMMORTAL? THIS THEN IS NO COMMONPLACE FOE SIMPLE TO DEFEAT. IF HIS UNDYING HAND IS INVOLVED IN THE FEARSOME FORCES I SENSE--

--NOT EVEN MISERY CAN BATTLE HIM ALONE.



THE DOCTOR SAID I WILL RECOVER-- THANKS TO YOU.

NO PROBLEM... THAT'S WHY WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS.

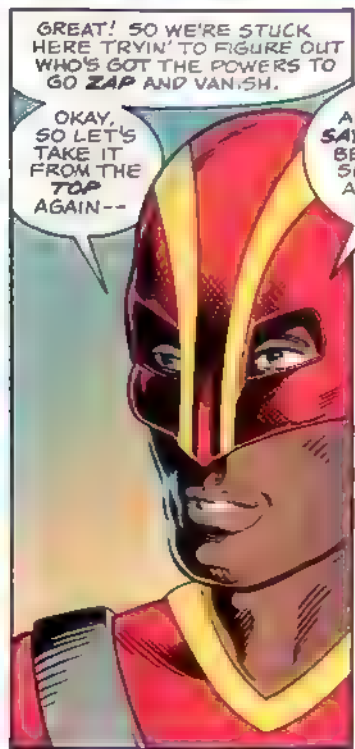
BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO THOSE BOZOS WERE?



I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THAT EVER SINCE I AWOK. THEY KNEW WHO I AM. THEY CHASED ME FOR BLOCKS...

...AND IT OBVIOUSLY WASN'T TO ROB ME.

BUT I TELL YOU, ONCE THEY DISAPPEARED THE WAY THEY DID-- THAT BLEW ALL MY THEORIES.



GREAT! SO WE'RE STUCK HERE TRYIN' TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S GOT THE POWERS TO GO ZAP AND VANISH.

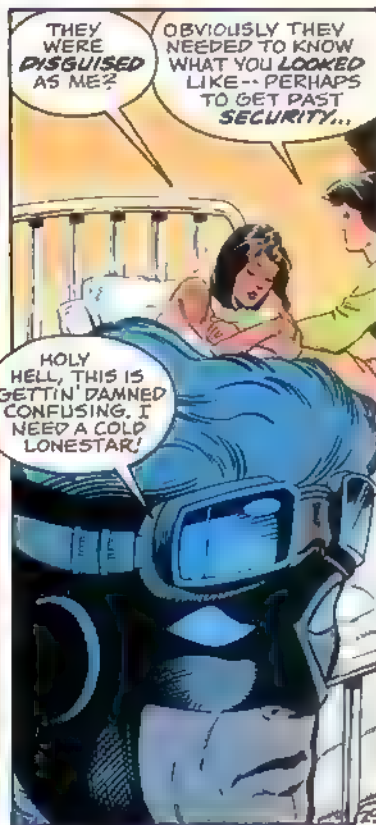
OKAY, SO LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE TOP AGAIN--

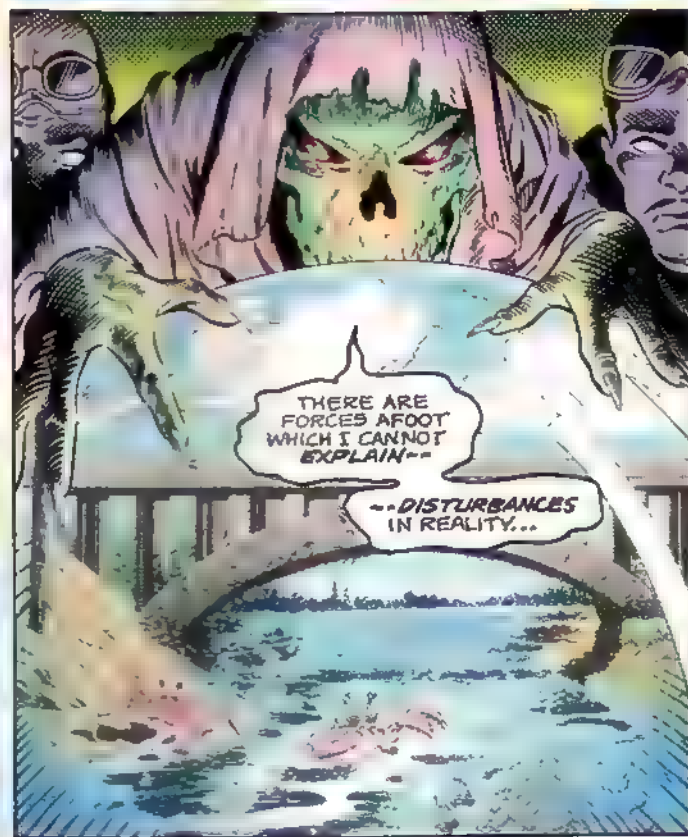


--DID ANY OF 'EM SAY ANYTHING BEFORE WE SHOWED UP AND KICKED ASS?

COME ON IN...

NOK NOK





"HAS HE BECOME  
POWERFUL  
ENOUGH TO  
CREATE THOSE  
ABERRATIONS?"

"LOOK AGAIN--WARRIORS--  
THE HUMANS WHO CALL  
THEMSELVES THE NEW  
WAVE--"



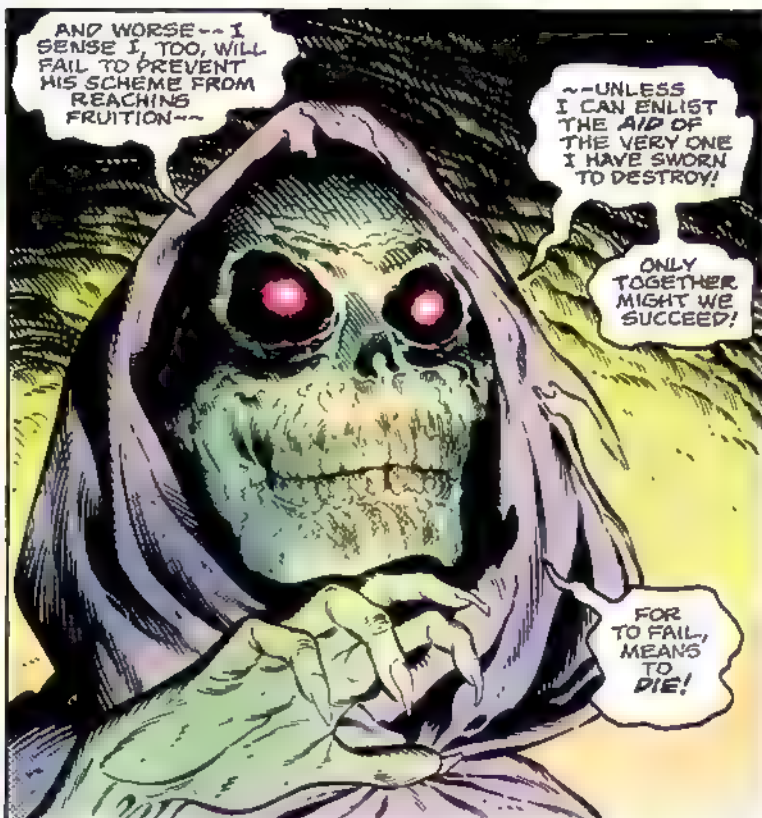
"THEY RISE  
TO BATTLE  
ZZED'S  
CREATURES.  
WHAT DOES  
HE WANT?  
WHAT IS HE  
AFTER?"

"I MUST POSSESS THAT  
KNOWLEDGE. I MUST KNOW  
THAT ANSWER BEFORE  
IT DESTROYS ME!"



THE HEROES OF THE NEW WAVE WILL FAIL IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO STOP ZEEZ.

NELSON AND HIS FRIENDS WILL FAIL AS WELL.

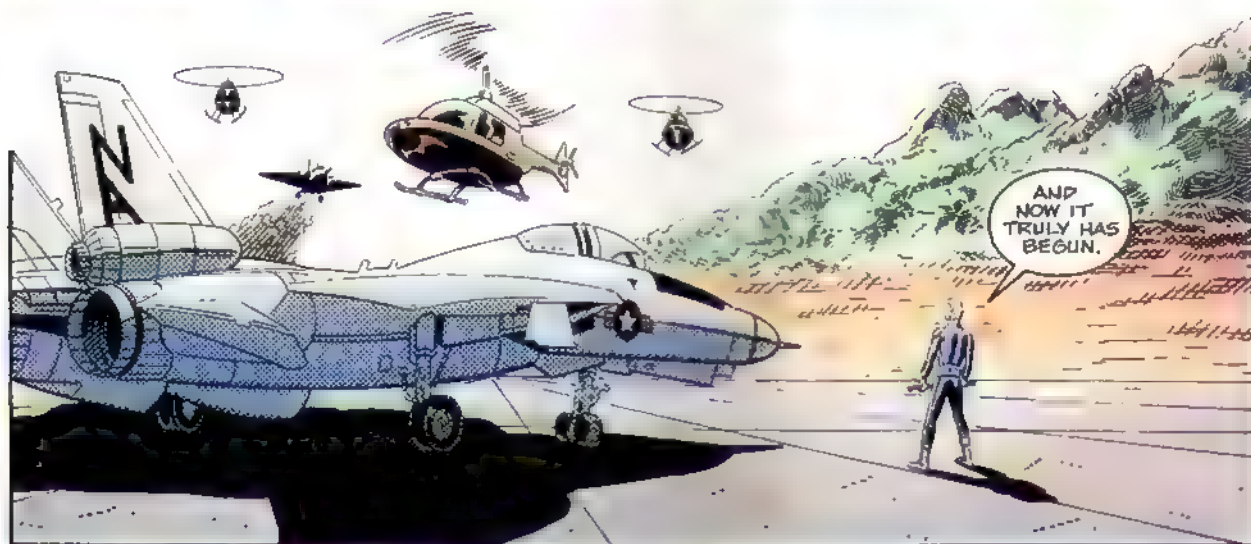


AND WORSE-- I SENSE I, TOO, WILL FAIL TO PREVENT HIS SCHEME FROM REACHING FRUITION--

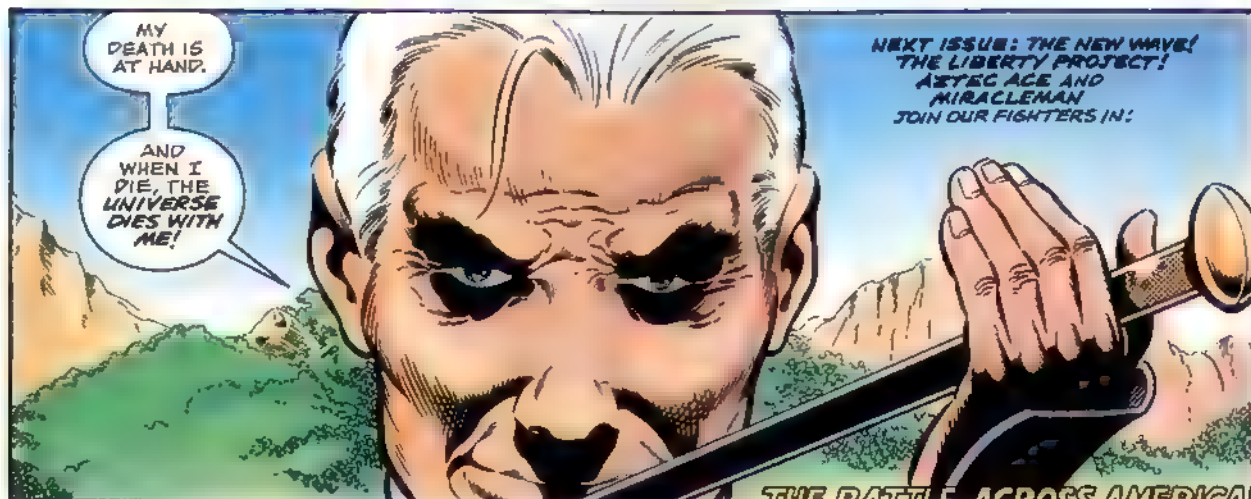
~UNLESS I CAN ENLIST THE AID OF THE VERY ONE I HAVE SWORN TO DESTROY!

ONLY TOGETHER MIGHT WE SUCCEED!

FOR TO FAIL, MEANS TO DIE!



AND NOW IT TRULY HAS BEGUN.



MY DEATH IS AT HAND.

AND WHEN I DIE, THE UNIVERSE DIES WITH ME!

NEXT ISSUE: THE NEW WAVE! THE LIBERTY PROJECT! AZTEC ACE AND MIRACLEMAN JOIN OUR FIGHTERS IN:

THE BATTLE ACROSS AMERICA!  
BUT FIRST...

# THE PROWLER

...NO, LEO. I SAID I'M IN BALTIMORE. IT'S IN MARYLAND, YOU KNOW? JEEZ...

I-- WHAT? OH, DON'T GIVE ME THAT. PLEASE, LEO-- DON'T START, HUH? I--

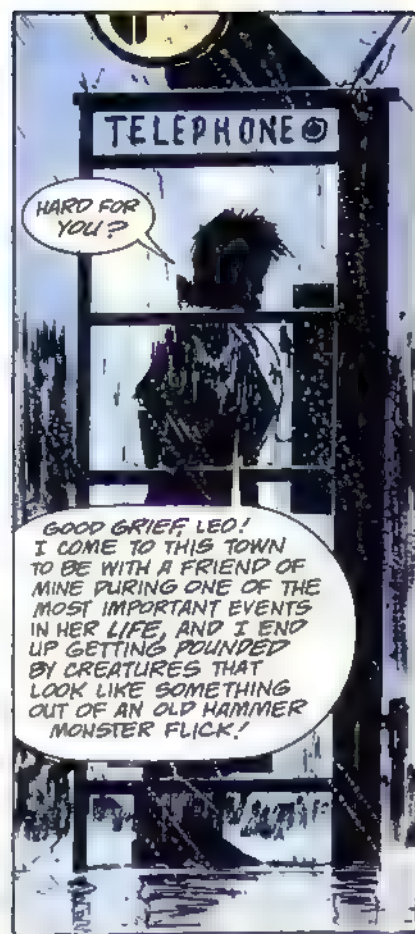
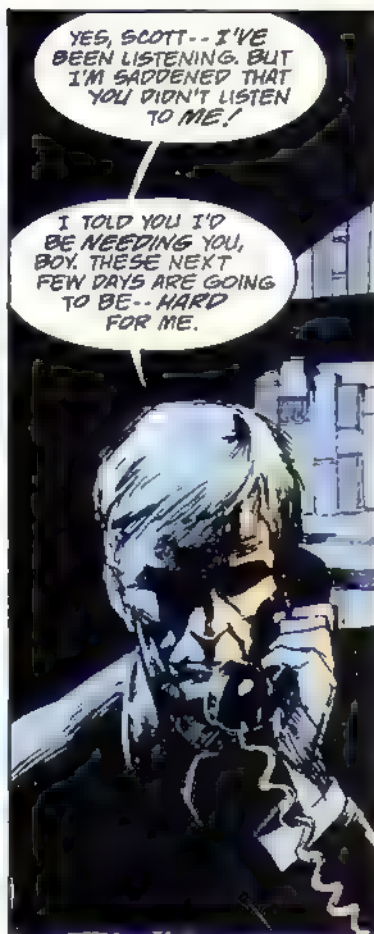
LEO, PLEASE CALM DOWN.

YES, I REALIZE I DIDN'T TELL YOU WHERE I WAS GOING.

OH, CRAP.

STORY: TIMOTHY TRUMAN  
PENCILS: BRENT ANDERSON  
INKS: MIKE DRINGENBERG  
LETTERS: TIM HARKINS  
COLORS: BRENT ANDERSON  
EDITS: FRED BURKE  
SPECIAL THANKS TO MARY WOLFMAN  
AND DOUG MOENCH.

NOTE: EVENTS IN TOTAL ECLIPSE FOLLOW THE EVENTS DEPICTED  
IN REVENGE OF THE PROWLER #1-4  
-FB/TT





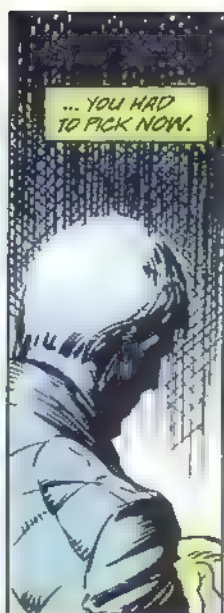


DAMN YOU, BOY.

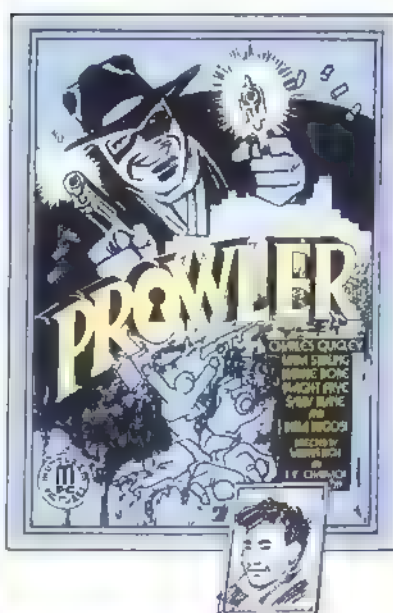


OF ALL THE TIMES YOU COULD CHOOSE TO LEAVE ME.

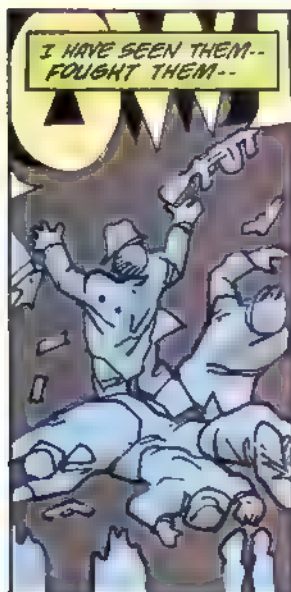
OFF ALL THE TIMES YOU COULD CHOOSE TO DISAPPEAR...



... YOU HAD TO PICK NOW.



I HAVE LIVED A LONG TIME IN THIS WORLD. HA! SOME MIGHT SAY TOO LONG. I HAVE SEEN EVERY PECULIAR CURVE OF IT MUD-SMEARED UNDERBELLY, EVERY CURIOUS, EVIL SHADOW IN ITS NIGHT.



I HAVE SEEN THEM-- FOUGHT THEM--

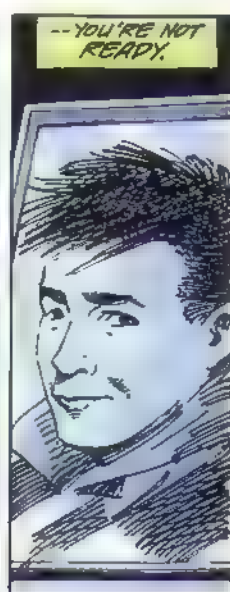


-- AND I HAVE LIVED.

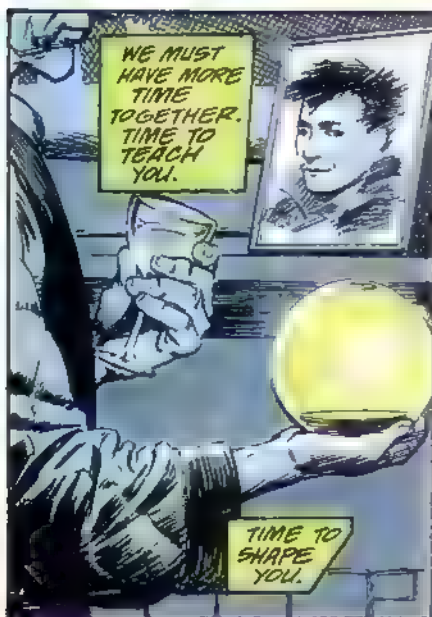


DAMN YOU, SCOTT. YOU AREN'T READY FOR THESE THINGS YET.

YOU HAVE LEARNED WELL. BUT STILL



-- YOU'RE NOT READY.



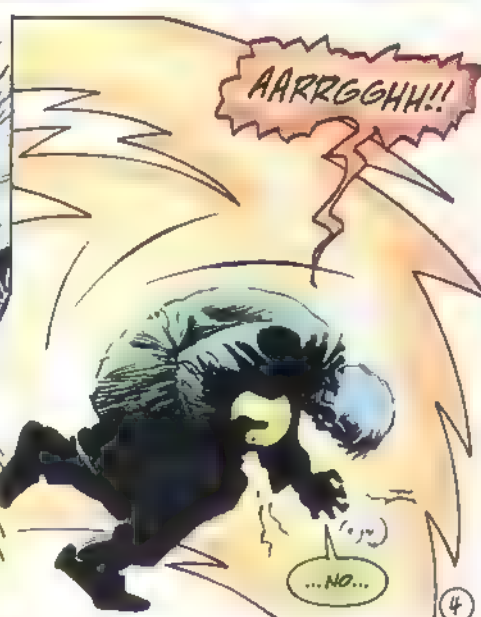
WE MUST HAVE MORE TIME TOGETHER. TIME TO TEACH YOU.

TIME TO SHAPE YOU.



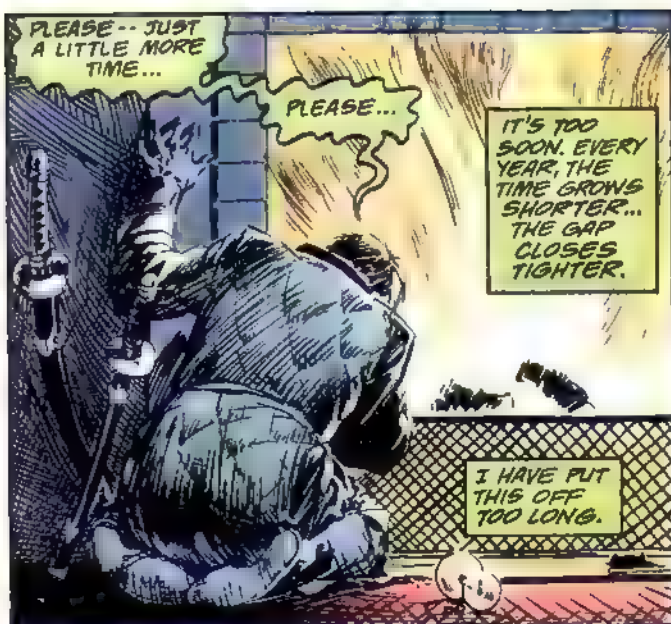
TIME TO...

TIME TO... TO...



AARRGGHH!!

...NO...



PLEASE-- JUST  
A LITTLE MORE  
TIME...

PLEASE...

IT'S TOO  
SOON. EVERY  
YEAR, THE  
TIME GROWS  
SHORTER...  
THE GAP  
CLOSES  
TIGHTER.

I HAVE PUT  
THIS OFF  
TOO LONG.



"DRAGONS  
ARE  
ETERNAL.

"THE  
BLOOD  
OF THE  
DRAGONS  
MUST  
MINGLE.



"THIS ARE  
DRAGONS  
BORN--AND  
REBORN."



THAT'S WHAT  
HE TOLD ME --  
FORTY YEARS  
AGO

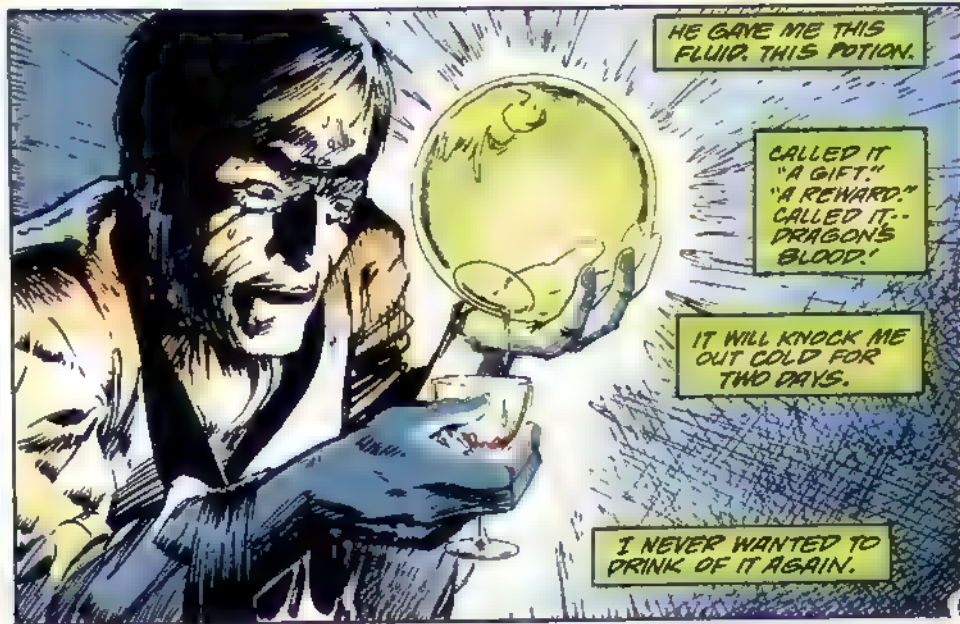


THAT'S WHAT...

...THE  
CHINAMAN  
SAID.



CRAZY DAMNED  
DEVIL.

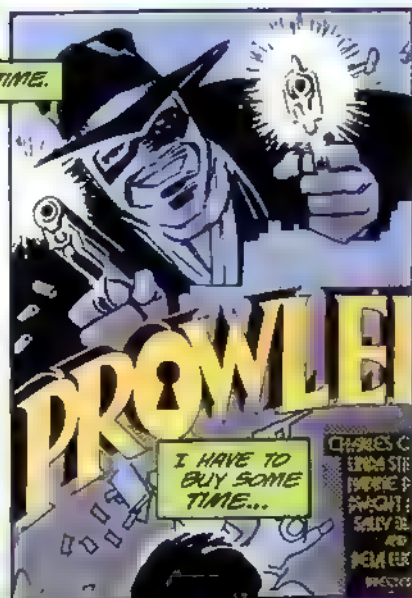
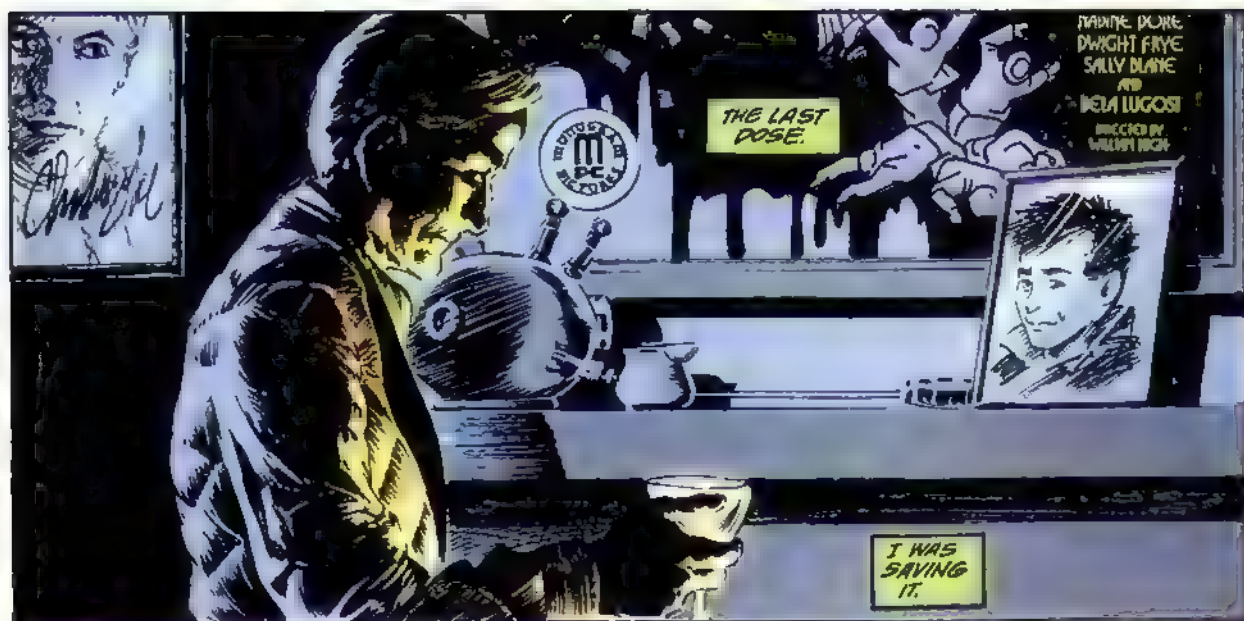


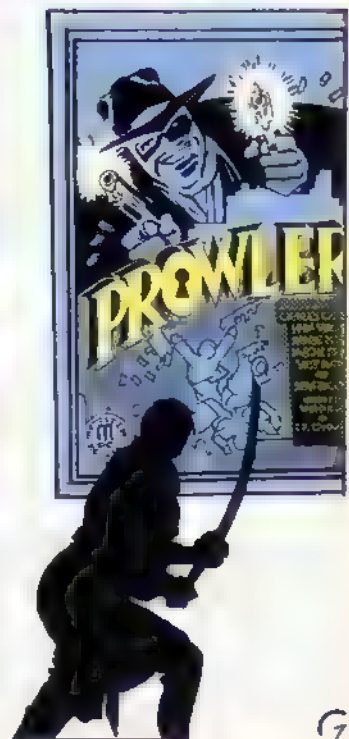
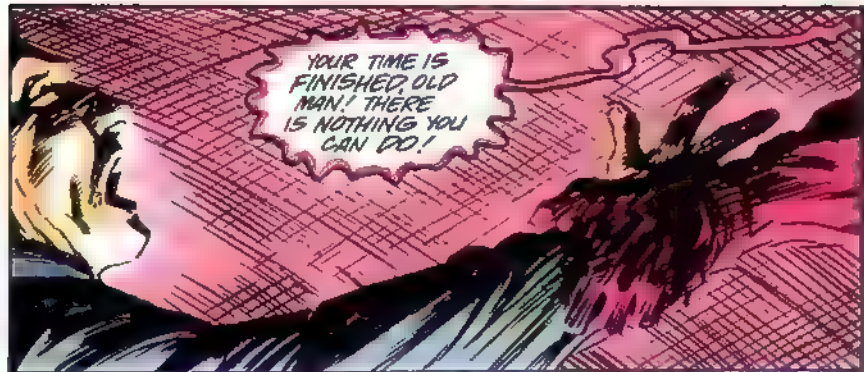
HE GAVE ME THIS  
FLUID. THIS POTION.

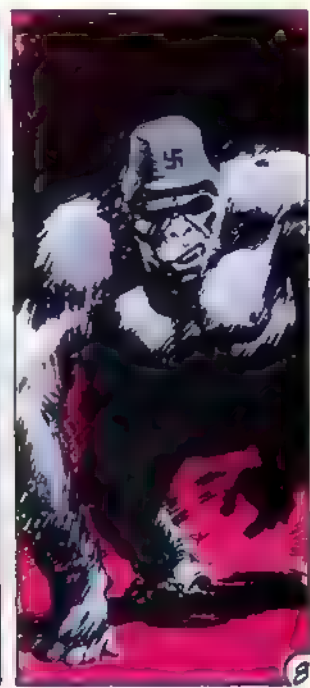
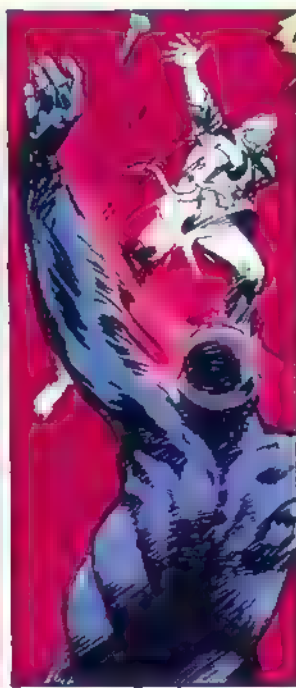
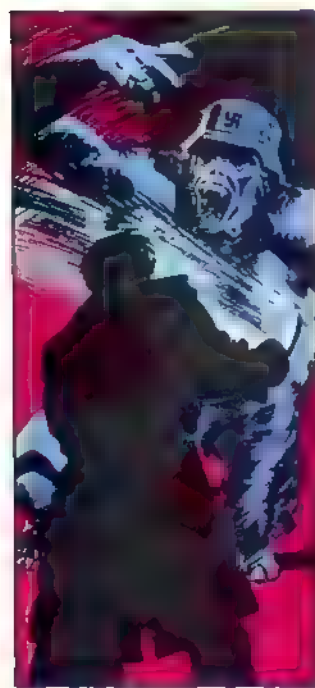
CALLED IT  
"A GIFT."  
"A REWARD."  
CALLED IT--  
DRAGON'S  
BLOOD!

IT WILL KNOCK ME  
OUT COLD FOR  
TWO DAYS.

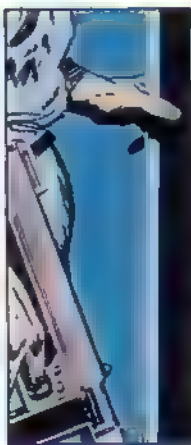
I NEVER WANTED TO  
PRINK OF IT AGAIN.











To be continued in the pages of...TOTAL ECLIPSE #2!

# Ten Years After !

**1958:** I was four years old, saw a giant toaster, and it made me want to read.

**1968:** I learned that the same company that was responsible for the giant toaster in the Bat Cave was also responsible for screwing Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster out of what should have been their lives' pension—Superman.

**1978:** I was mad as hell and couldn't take it any more.

You could say that Eclipse Comics was formed because I believed that comics writers and artists should get a square deal. After all, I thought, shouldn't we, as readers of heroic fiction, fight for the rights of the people behind those same heroes?

When, in April 1977, my brother Jan and I (no, for the last time, we are *not* the same Jan and Dean—we came first!) went down to City Hall in New York to register Eclipse Enterprises as a publishing partnership, we didn't think that ten years later, many of our basic publishing policies would be industry standards. We just wanted to start a business with a firm moral underpinning.

I must say (and I'm speaking for Jan here, too) that receiving a letter from Jerry Siegel ten years later thanking us for our "pioneering efforts to bring ethics, common decency, and economic justice to a cut-throat industry" makes it all worthwhile.

It is we who should thank Jerry and Joe. You may think me overly sentimental, but every time I look at that letter from Jerry, it brings tears to my eyes.

I sometimes wonder what kind of world



by Dean Mullaney

we live in when men like Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster—who created one of the most recognizable, archetypical, righteous, and (let's not forget) profitable heroes of the twentieth century—are on the sidelines, and the fast-talking businessmen who took advantage of them have prospered beyond their due.

I thought Superman was supposed to protect us from people like that.

You may be wondering why, in this first issue of *Total Eclipse*, I'm writing about Superman, Jerry Siegel, and Joe Shuster. It makes perfect sense to me. In fact, I can throw a whole bunch of other names at you and have them make sense in this context, too—Chris Claremont, Frank Miller, George Perez, and John Byrne.

What's the connection? Each one of them has made more money from his work in comic books than Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster combined.

And they deserve the money they've earned! Way to go, Chris! Way to go, Frank! I'm all for you.

I wish Jerry and Joe and all the others, like Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko, got the royalties today's top creators get. And that's the point I'm getting at. In 1978, when we started Eclipse Comics with the policy of giving writers and artists royalties on every copy sold, neither Marvel nor DC gave any royalties. Today's creators get royalties, and I'm glad they do. I know it's not an exaggeration to say that it's in large part a

reaction to Eclipse.

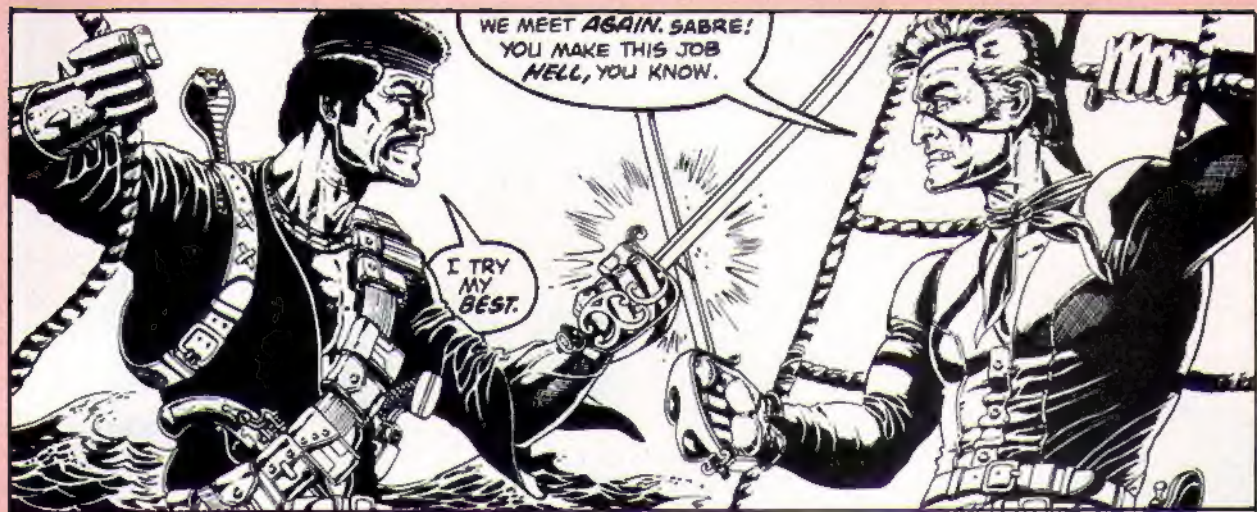
Allowing writers and artists to earn royalties is only part of the Eclipse picture. If you look at the copyright and trademark information on page two of this issue, you'll see a list that's fairly complicated and much longer than the ones you're used to seeing. The reason is simple: another of Eclipse's pioneering policies was to acknowledge that the creators were just that—creators.

Did you know, incidentally, that Chris Claremont is not the author of *The X-Men*, or that George Perez is not the author of *Wonder Woman*? No, I'm not kidding. And, no, I'm not insinuating that either of these great guys hires a ghost to do his work for him.

According to the laws of the United States of America, Marvel Comics, A New World Company, is the author of *The X-Men*, and DC Comics Inc. is the author of *Wonder Woman*. Don't believe me? Go to the Library of Congress and look it up for yourselves.

When Eclipse was formed in 1977, I made it a point to read the Copyright Act of 1976 and was particularly interested in the section dealing with the "work made for hire" clause that is an essential part of almost every comic book publishing contract from Marvel and DC Comics even today. We vowed that Eclipse would *never* force a writer or artist to sign such an agreement. And we never have.

All of this may not necessarily affect you directly, but whether you realize it or not, it



© 1988 Don McGregor & Paul Gulacy

already has.

People like Don McGregor, Paul Gulacy, P. Craig Russell, Marshall Rogers, Steve Gerber, Jim Starlin, and Steve Englehart insisted on being called the "creators" of their own work. And if they didn't insist, Eclipse wouldn't be here. And if Eclipse had never come into being, I doubt very much you would have heard of Pacific Comics, First Comics, Comico, or Dark Horse Publishing.

In 1978, when we released *Sabre* by McGregor and Gulacy, it was the first graphic novel ever published for the comics specialty market. There was nothing like it available to fans walking into the local comics store. To this day, I recall distributor Phil Seuling, the man responsible for the existence of the specialty store market, standing up from behind his desk holding a photocopy of *Sabre* in his hands, screaming, "Six dollars for a comic book!"

Obviously, everyone's perception of comics and graphic albums has changed since our efforts a decade ago. For me, the decade began with a trip to Don McGregor's second floor loft apartment on New York's Bowery one night to watch an episode of *77 Sunset Strip* on Don's cranky 16 mm projector. This was before the advent of cable TV. If you wanted to see old television shows, for the most part, you needed to locate a 16 mm print (complete with cigarette commercials and all!).

At any rate, while Don was feeding the

film through the projector, trying to see if he could recognize Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. in the tiny frames (Don always was a little weird!), I was wandering about and noticed what I believed to be a picture of Jimi Hendrix on a door. Since Hendrix was one of my musical gurus, I took a closer look and discovered that it was a pencilled drawing by Paul Gulacy. It turned out to be a new character the pair were working on, and one over which they wanted to retain copyright ownership. Are we coming full circle, or what?!

Suffice it to say, a publishing company was born later that evening between the Brothers Mullaney.

I still remember that second floor walk-up on the Bowery. I don't know who's living there now, or if the lighting supply storefront below still promises imported chandeliers to passersby. To me, it will always be the unlikely birthplace of Eclipse Comics.

"Born on the Bowery"—sounds like a bad Leo Gorcey/Huntz Hall thriller co-starring Bela Lugosi.

I've got a lot of other odd memories of that loft, come to think of it. I remember the night Don moved there from Queens. A whole bunch of us got together—among them Steve Gerber, Mary Skrenes, and Mark Gasper—to help Don transport his belongings. It took what seemed like years to pack up all of Don's books, and by the time we got over the Brooklyn Bridge and to the new place, it must have been two in the

# eclipse

enterpriser

morning, and we were all pretty punchy.

All I can really remember about the unpacking was Steve Gerber finding the doll house belonging to Don's daughter Lauren, in addition to a whole group of dolls, among them a G.I. Joe action figure. What the Joe was doing there I don't know. And I think by the time the Joe starting scaling the cold sides of their aluminum house, the dolls inside didn't want to know, either. Who would have guessed that less than a decade later Steve would be story editor for the newly revised *G.I. Joe* television show? Not the screaming dolls, for sure! They only escaped their play-time nightmare when Steve Skeates showed up with lots of people and lots of beer and the night went away.

That apartment was also the place where, I believe, Skeates dreamed up the concept of giving Underdog a Fortress of Solitude, certainly one of the strangest ideas ever introduced into the super dog's canon.

But I'm digressing . . . back to the reason for Eclipse Comics, without which this page would be completely blank and sitting in the middle of some child's school notebook, rather than filled with type and art in your very own comic book collection.

Don and I spent weeks working out possible formats for *Sabre*. We knew from the start that we wanted it to be a high quality package. The two of us, and Paul Gulacy, too, were sick and tired of the poor reproduction then standard in comics. This

was, for those of you not around then, before the days of Baxter paper, when every comic in America, no matter how beautifully rendered, was printed with plastic plates on cheap, grey newsprint. Don and I finally settled on a graphic novel format, modelling it after a series of newspaper strip reprints published in the late 1960s by a great pioneer comics historian, Ed Aprill.

Just prior to publication, we arranged for *Sabre* to be previewed in the fledgling *Heavy Metal* magazine, and needless to say, the graphic novel was a smash success, premiering on September 30, 1978, and going through many editions in America and abroad. One of the first ten people to pick up a copy of this, Eclipse's first publication, was none other than Marv Wolfman.

A few of the unsung contributors to Eclipse's beginnings are not commonly known, among them Sue Pollina, who gave the company its name, and the man who designed the first Eclipse logotype—now Marvel Comics' Executive Editor, Mark Gruenwald. Ten years ago Mark and I were roommates in New York, each working in a bank, wanting to make comics our career.

Funny what a difference ten years makes!

*Next issue: Fred Hembeck's wedding, Tom Orzechowski's long-haired cats, and watching Sleeping Beauty with Craig Russell!*

# WHO'S WHO IN TOTAL ECLIPSE



## Airboy

David Nelson III follows in his father's footsteps as a heroic aviator in his bat-winged plane, Birdie.

Trapped for thirty years by Misery, this ex-Nazi awoke to find herself in love with the son of her former lover.

## Valkyrie



## Skywolf

WWII fighting companion of David Nelson II, Lawrence Wolfe continues to fight by the new Airboy's side.

Holly McCovey became the new Black Angel to save Valkyrie from Soviet charges of Nazi war crimes.

## Black Angel



## Prowler

Young art student Scott Kida has reluctantly taken up the mantle of 1940s crimefighter Leo Kragg, who is his mentor.

Movie-maker, millionaire, and vigilante, the aging Leo Kragg is the vicious and enigmatic enemy of criminals everywhere.

## Prowler



## Strike!

Dennis Foreman discovered Sgt. Strike's power harness and took it for his own, using it against CIA wishes to become a superhero.

WWII hero Russell Carlyle, captured by aliens in the 1950s, has just returned to Earth with a powerful blaster.

## Sgt. Strike



## Misery

Misery's Airtomb is final home for the guilty or wandering spirits of downed pilots, upon whose energy Misery feeds.

The immortal Zzed originally battled David Nelson II in the 1940s. To end his own life, Zzed must also destroy the universe.

## Zzed



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ECLIPSE COMICS, P.O. BOX 1099, FORESTVILLE,  
CALIFORNIA 95436.  
Try ECLIPSE, then BUY ECLIPSE!

## Zzed

He has lived for centuries, for millennia, from the earliest days of human life on this planet. He grows weary of existence, but each attempt he makes to draw death closer ends in failure. Zzed cannot die. At least not by earthly means.

Now he seeks the ultimate end, for Zzed knows that the only way to finish his own life is to destroy the universe. After decades of seeking an answer, finally a plan begins to take form...in his dreams.

The universe is lost.

But some watch from the shadows, intent on thwarting Zzed, on turning his doomsday plan to their own ends. Others, heroic men and women from earth and beyond, seek only to stop the endless chain of destruction before it is too late. Billions of lives hang in the balance.

## Total Eclipse

It's Eclipse Comics' Tenth Anniversary. In this and future issues, you'll encounter Airboy, Valkyrie, Skywolf, Miracleman, The Prowler, Strike, the Heap, Aztec Ace and virtually every star from Eclipse's first decade of innovative comics publishing.

**Marv Wolfman**, writer, is the author of *The New Teen Titans*, *Crisis on Infinite Earths*, *Tomb of Dracula*, and countless other acclaimed comic books. The Zzed saga is his most intricate plot to date.

**Bo Hampton**, pencil artist, is well-known for his detailed linework and powerful layouts in books such as *Airboy*, *Lost Planet*, *Luger*, and *The New Mutants*. Total Eclipse is a new peak in his artistic development.

**Will Blyberg**, ink artist, has used his eye for texture, shadow, and depth on *Valkyrie!*, *Airboy*, *DNAgents*, and others. His flawless execution breathes added life into this epic adventure.

ECLIPSE  BOOKS™

